

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
1. Truth as Depicted in Modern Fiction	323
Brigandage	340
3. The Claverings	361
4. The Battle of Koniggratz	376
5. The Storm in the Air	379
6. Modern Explosive Compounds	381
	<i>Christian Remembrancer,</i>
	<i>Westminster Review,</i>
	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>
	<i>Spectator,</i>
	<i>"</i>
	<i>Intellectual Observer,</i>

POETRY : Dies Irae, 322. A Portrait, 360. La Terra dei Morti, 360.

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DIES IRÆ.

To the Editors of the Evening Post.

In this translation, the aim has been to make it, line by line, literal; to give the exact idea of every line, no more, no less; and, as a help to this, to render the Latin into simple, monosyllabic English; the original measure, not suited to monosyllables, had to be given up.

I.

A day of wrath and woe that day!
The world to ashes melts away;
So David and the Sybil say.

II.

How great our tremor, sad our fear,
When stern the Judge of men draws near,
And straight to view brings all things clear!

III.

The trump, with spread of wondrous sound
Thro' graves in ev'ry region found,
Doth bid all souls the Throne surround.

IV.

Death stands in stupor, Nature too;
Creation's dead rise up anew,
To give their Judge an answer due.

V.

The records in the Book are sought,
Containing all, deed, word and thought,
For which the world's to judgment brought.

VI.

Thus, when the Judge His seat hath ta'en,
Whatever's hid shall be made plain
And nothing unavenged remain.

VII.

What am I then, poor wretch, to say?
To whom as guardian shall I pray,
When scarce the just can see their way?

VIII.

King of tremendous Majesty!
Who sav'st thine own, thy grace made free;
O source of holy love, save me.

IX.

O loving Jesus! think on me,
Though of thy woes the cause I be:
O! lose me not, that day, from thee.

X.

Thou me didst seek, with weary care,
For me thy heavy cross didst bear:
Shall toil be lost, so great, so rare?

XI.

Great Judge of vengeance, just and true!
For gift of pardon free I sue,
Before that day of stern review.

XII.

I groan aloud, as one accused:
My face by conscious crime suffused
Thy mercy grant, tho' oft abused.

XIII.

'Twas thou mad'st Mary free from sin,
The dying thief true life to win,
And gav'st me hope to theirs akin.

XIV.

Unworthy are all prayers of mine;
Thy goodness make on me to shine,
Lest I, in lasting flames, repine.

XV.

Among thy sheep let me find room,
And, sever'd from the goats in doom,
On thy right hand my place assume.

XVI.

The curséd to confusion given,
To fiercest flames by sentence driven,
Call me among thy blest to Heaven.

XVII.

'Fore Thee I bend in pray'r profound,
My broken heart to ashes ground;
My death-bed let thy love surround.

XVIII.

Sad day of tears for sinful flesh,
That from earth's ashes springs afresh,
When culprit man for doom shall stand:
Him spare, O God! hold thy just hand!

From the Christian Remembrance.

1. *The Lady's Mile.* By the Author of 'Lady Audley's Secret.' London: Ward, Lock, and Tyler.
2. *Miss Marjoribanks.* By the Author of 'Salem Chapel.' London: Blackwood.

AN ideal which once seemed inseparable from civilized, or, at least, Christian humanity, is certainly suffering an eclipse in our day. We cannot dip into the pages of modern fiction, modern poetry, or modern journalism, without perceiving that youth and innocence are no longer associated as they used to be in men's minds. Things are said contravening this alliance which not only people would have been ashamed to say thirty years ago, but which would not have occurred to the same people to say. The charm of girlhood used to be indissolubly connected with purity and innocence — an innocence which certain writers despised, because intercourse with the world took off its edge; because it was, according to their view, a merely passive, involuntary quality, depending on seclusion and ignorance of evil; but such as it was, virgin purity was a generally received ideal. Whatever a girl of eighteen might become, however soon simplicity and bashfulness might be exchanged for their opposites, youth, to be like itself, and also to be engaging and attractive, was supposed to be innocent. And love naturally attached the idea of freshness and goodness to the thing it loved. Even if appearances were unfavourable, and the woman beloved showed objectionable qualities to the world at large, the lover of past fiction believed in her; he saw farther than other people; what was faulty was a mere outside mask; he could discover truth and womanly virtue underneath; and this persuasion, erroneous or well founded, was necessary to his allegiance. To realize a woman's worthlessness or selfishness, was to cease to love. 'I shall never meet with such another woman,' sighed the boy-lover of old, even when he had been jilted by a heartless coquette, and resigned his pretensions. Once to have loved her was to have supposed her excellent, and to cling to the idea still. As far as we can judge from newspapers, books, and detached scenes and critiques upon them, the popular press is altogether changing its tone; and so far from frivolity, selfishness, and heartlessness, when plainly and obtrusively apparent, being repellant qualities, they are in the new view of things essentials to fascination. The beautiful women of modern sensational romance are syrens, not pretending to be

angels and taken for what they pretend to be, but known for syrens, and adored as such. And the younger she is, the more her years point to the old 'age of innocence,' the more cold-blooded is the enchantress, and worshipped accordingly. The men in a modern novel will apostrophise the woman who engrosses their thoughts and makes their hearts ache — or, in sober language, makes them neglect their business — as a fiend; and the young lady accepts the insinuation at least as a compliment to her charms; and gaily enlarges on her want of heart, on her entire selfishness, her indifference to the feelings of her lovers, who are an essential part of her state, and, above all, on her resolute eye to the main chance — not the old, sober main chance of rank and a certain income, so much as a future of riotous, reckless parade and profusion. In English prose fiction we have scarcely got farther than an exhibition of these qualities, and the complications that arise out of them. They are not pushed to their natural consequences. For up to this time the success of a book — which means its sale — depends on some outward illogical attention to the decencies of society; a requirement which must exceedingly bore and embarrass any writer who cares for philosophical correctness and the dependence of effects on causes. In comparing themselves with French novelists, our writers must feel at a cruel disadvantage, and must often be ashamed of the clumsy expedients they are driven to by punctilio, the necessities of the publisher, or whoever else feels the pulse of popular morality. It has been agreed hitherto, that in any novel which hopes to find a place on the drawing-room table, there must be a pull-up somewhere if things seem to be going too far, — some coincidence preventing the last scandal, and arresting the headlong progress of events. How long this awkward inartistic mode of saving appearances is to be submitted to is a question which is evidently trying some of the more popular of our sensational writers; and we discern a growing courage on their part, no unnatural consequence of the toleration they have hitherto met. People who have endured so much, they may well think, have committed themselves to more. 'Lady Audley's Secret' and 'The Doctor's Wife' lead up very naturally to 'The Lady's Mile,' a recent novel by Miss Braddon, which heads our article, and which we cannot but regard as a bold, if not impatient, effort in its author's to cast off trammels which must daily grow more irksome.

The story's two heroines are, it is true,

both saved to society; but the one wife has packed up her trunk, and handsomely enclosed the key of her jewel-box in an envelope addressed to her husband, preparatory to her departure next morning with her lover in the 8.30 train of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway; when the unexpected arrival of the husband, and his announcement that he is taking the lady off to Devonshire by the 8 train to-morrow morning, frustrates the scheme of elopement, and restores everything at once and for ever to its right footing. And to the other married heroine a similar journey, at the close of the third volume, is suggested under similar circumstances — a proposal which the whole course of the narrative would lead us to suppose would be acquiesced in without the fraction of a scruple, when the authoress turns round upon us with the assurance that this lady, named Flo,

'Was just one of those women who may balance themselves for ever upon the narrow boundary-wall between propriety and disgrace, and never run the smallest risk of toppling over on the wrong side;'

and we are left abashed at our want of discernment. This paragon of prudence is thus first introduced to us:—

'Did she ever pause to think that her life was useless, extravagant, and unwomanly? Well, no; not yet. She was only eighteen, remember, the age when a woman has not quite ceased to be a kind of refinement upon a kitten—beautiful, graceful, capricious, mischievous, treacherous. She was at an age when a woman is apt to take pleasure in treading on masculine hearts, and if remonstrated with upon her cruelty, would be quite inclined to echo the question of the poetess, and cry,

"Why should a heart have been there
In the way of a fair woman's foot?"'

Flo insisted on making a confident of Cecil, the other prudent wife, who proposed a breach of the Seventh Commandment by half an hour—

"I'm the most mercenary creature, you know, dear," she said; "and I made up my mind ever so long ago that I would marry for money, and nothing but money. All the nicest girls marry for money now-a-days, and live happy ever afterwards. I daresay there was a time when it was quite nice to be poor, and live in a cottage with the husband of one's choice. What a musty old Minerva Phrase that is," cried Flo, with a grimace, "the husband of one's choice! But that was in the days when women wore cottage-bonnets with a bit of rib-

bon across the crown, or hideous gipsy hats tied down with handkerchiefs, and white muslin dresses with a breadth and a half in the skirt, and when a woman on horseback was a show, to be followed by street boys. I suppose Lady Godiva and Queen Elizabeth were the only women who ever did ride in the Middle Ages. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* A woman in the present day must have three or four hundred a year for pin-money, if she is not to be a disgrace to her sex in the way of gloves and bonnets; and she must ride a three hundred guinea hack, if she wants to escape being trampled upon by her dearest friends; and she will find herself a perfect outcast unless she has a box in a good position at one of the opera houses; and she must go in for dogs and china—not vulgar modern Dresden abominations, in the way of simpering shepherdesses, and creatures in hoops drinking chocolate and playing chess; but old Vienna or Chelsea, with the gold anchor, or deliciously ugly Wedgwood, or soft paste. In short, my dearest Cecil, a woman now-a-days is a very expensive creature, and love in a cottage is an impossibility. Why, there are no cottages for the poor lovers! The tiniest, tiniest villa on the banks of the Thames costs about two hundred a year; and if the poverty-stricken creatures who marry for love want a house, they must go to some horrible place beyond the Seven Sisters' Road, and be happy amongst a wilderness of brickfields and railway arches!"

This exceedingly fluent and precocious young lady, Flo, is the daughter of a painter, who embodies Miss Braddon's ideas of success in art as well as its true principles. And success in these books can hardly be called such under six thousand a year, which, if we recollect right, is his professional income at the date of this story. Having early lost his wife, he had allowed her relations to take his only child, and to choose the fashionable school in which the ideas of life just quoted were formed, and put to the test in the course of these volumes.

We have said that the prose fictions now in vogue amongst us do not dare to push the triumphs and perils of selfishness beyond a point. Their heroines dance on the brink of the precipice, but do not topple over; the men rail at them, in good set terms, as syrens and Delilahs; but in a corner of their hearts we are expected to detect that they cannot quite believe in the selfishness that charms them; they fancy it assumed where their own interests are concerned—though, in fact, there is nothing so rarely simulated as selfishness—and we are not to think things as bad as they seem. The dominion of the five senses over every higher influence, however persistently

inculcated, is not boldly professed. It is felt decorous, and probably satisfies some feeling in the writer, to introduce at intervals certain reflections on the hollowness of society, the vanity and short duration of pleasure, the general wickedness of the world, and the position and office of women, as merely reflexes of the motives and influences of society at large, as though they were victims of a sort of necessity. It is only in verse that selfishness is acknowledged without disguise as the proper and most effectual inspiration of a pretty woman. Such of our readers as have read 'Chastelard,' will not think we have spoken too strongly. Mr. Swinburne accepts Mary as her worst enemies, or, we should rather say, as history and every fresh insight into her times, have drawn her. He has formed his idea of her character from the letters of the casket, beautiful, bright, cruel, merciless, sensual, shameless, and utterly selfish; and portrays her as the ideal fascination, and the man's love for her as only intensified by his knowledge of her real nature, to which he appeals, even to her face, in his last parting with her who loved him after her tiger fashion, and yet gave him up to execution for her convenience. His fear is, that she may be making a mistake.

'It may be, long after I am dead,
For all you are you may see bitter days;
God may forget you, or be wroth with you:
Then shall you lack a little help of me,
And I shall feel your sorrow touching you,
A happy sorrow, though I may not touch:
I that would fain be turned to flesh again,
Fain get back life to give up life for you,
To shed my blood for help, that long ago
You shed, and were not holpen; and your heart
Will ache for help and comfort, yea, for love,
And find less love than mine—for I do think
You never will be loved thus in your life.'

Chastelard knows that the only chance of winning even a passing regret is to divest her thoughts from the self of the present to the self of the future. And again he contemplates the terrible victories of the queen of hearts:—

'Men must love you in life's spite,
For you will always kill them; man by man
Your lips will bite them dead; you, though
you would,
You shall not spare one; all will die of you:
I cannot tell what love shall do with these,
But I, for all my love, shall have no might
To help you more, mine arms and hands no
power
To fasten on you more.'

And while Mary visits him in prison for the purpose of wheedling out of him the reprieve which her self-interest had led her to grant at one stage of the affair, he lets her know what is in her heart, thus:—

'Yea, sweet, what should I do,
Did I not know you to the bone, my sweet?'

She had no treachery or cruelty hidden from him; he loves her with his eyes wide open to it all.

All this is regarded by a good many as very moving and passionate verse. This, however, is not our subject; but it seems to us that unwholesome brooding over unwholesome reading is more at the bottom of such pictures and ideas than anything deserving the name of imagination. After all the scenes the reader of 'Chastelard' has been admitted to, we cannot but regard the lover's false oath on the point of execution, wherein he invokes upon himself the 'heaviest place in hell' if the queen is not 'stainless towards all men,' as a blunder as well as a crime against morality. No imagination capable of spanning the gulf between sense and reason could give to mere sensual passion such a triumph at such a moment. But we quote them as illustrative of the bold line of mere sensualism which is more than tolerated amongst us. To love a bad woman because she is pretty and graceful, under no illusions, but knowing that she is bad, is simple baseness. It is a mere insult to our nobler emotions to expect to excite them in such a theme; but there are people who imagine they see an emancipation from puritanical prejudice, and a deeper, freer insight into human nature in this delineation of passion, which, if possible at all, can only be in natures too earthly and vulgar to be fit subjects for art. But we must revert to prose.

In one place, the authoress of the 'Lady's Mile' seems to tell her readers pretty plainly that she goes no further than they wish her to go. In this novel she brings upon the scene her favourite sensational writer, who made his first appearance in the 'Doctor's Wife' as the novelist of penny papers. It is a very sprightly conception, exceedingly well sustained. The most common-place of men the most quiet and moderate in all his tastes, sensation is his business, and all the pleas of the crown his stock-in-trade. He is forever constructing the most terrible of plots, which come as they are wanted into his fertile brain, and are as much his day's work as an allotted space of ground is to the dig-

ger. In the 'Lady's Mile' this industry has told in an advanced social position. Still business-like and severely correct in his habits, he expatiates over all the eccentricities and atrocities of passion upon paper, and does so because he finds it answers.

'Mr. Smythe had taken to himself a pretty country-bred young wife, the orphan niece of his old friend, Charles Raymond, with whom he lived in perfect harmony, and who never read a line of his novels. This was a point on which the novelist insisted.

"If you read my books, you'll make suggestions, and if you make suggestions, I shall hate you, and the better your suggestions are, the more I shall hate you," said Sigismund. "Nor do I care about your knowing the depths of infamy which the human mind, for an adequate consideration, can fathom. The critics inform me that my fictions are demoralizing. As a writer and ratepayer I believe in my fictions; but as a husband I defer to the critics, and forbid my wife to read my novels."

In fact, her ideal sensationalist has nothing of the 'Bohemian'—to adopt the odious euphemism for disrepute—but that one feature of housekeeping—that one geniality which our authoress never withholds from an individual or a society worthy of her sympathy. No landlady—not Mrs. Gamp herself—has a greater horror of locks and keys, and distinct times for eating and drinking, which may not be anticipated or unduly prolonged, than she manifests on every occasion where the expression of the sentiment is possible. The word *unlimited* is dear to her. It atones even for homely surroundings otherwise abhorrent. Whenever something to eat and drink and smoke is *always* going, her spirit can conceive the idea of comfort, repose, and positive satisfaction. So the modest dwelling of Mr. and Mrs. Smythe, far removed from the felicity and true life of fashion, was yet a home, for—

'Here was always to be found dry sherry and unlimited goda-water, the palest brandy and the most genuine seltzer-water and Vichy; here little wicker-covered bottles of liqueur and sherry cordials, that had come straight from Copenhagen by convoy of friendly hands, were found lurking in corners of side-boards.'

Even the young artist, before we are expected to care for him, is so far emancipated from the first struggles of his profession that he can entertain his friends with unlimited bitter beer from the nearest tavern, and keep an unfailing supply of mild tobacco in the French china jar that

adorned his chimney-piece. It is these two representations of small profusion whom we find in the first chapter watching the carriages in the 'Lady's Mile,' which we may as well inform our quiet country readers means the drive in Hyde Park, and introducing the coquettish heroine, Flo, the painter's daughter, to us:—

"I say, Foley, old fellow, when are you coming out of this, eh?" demanded Sigismund Smythe, the novelist. * * *

"Out of which?"

"The reflective line—you haven't spoken for the last quarter of an hour. That's a pretty girl with the strawberry-ice coloured parasol. I say though, old fellow, you don't suppose I've written two dozen three-volume novels, without knowing something of the human mind, when contemplated in relation to the tender passion. I know all about it, you know, and its not the least use your abandoning yourself to melancholy meditation on that subject. She's all your fancy painted her, &c., &c., I allow; but she's the coldest-hearted and most mercenary little scoundrel in creation, and she never can be yours. Put a clean sponge over the tablet of your brain, dear boy, and turn your attention to somebody else."

* * * The young painter gave a sardonic laugh. "I should be a fool to trouble my head about her, he said," contemptuously.

"So you would be a fool, old fellow; and so you are a fool, for you do trouble yourself about her. You've been on the watch for her carriage for the last half-hour, and she has not gone by; and instead of tormenting creation at large by driving here, I daresay she is torturing mankind in particular by staying at home. Don't be an idiot, Phil, but come to Greenwich and have some dinner."

"No," cried Phil, "I will stop here till she passes me by with her insolent little affectation of not seeing me, and all the pretty tricks that constitute her fascination. You think me a fool, Sigismund, but you can never think of me so poorly as I think of myself, when I find myself here day by day, while the very light I want is shining into my wretched painting-room at Highbury. Do you remember what Catullus says:

'Odi et amo; quare id faciam, fortasse requiris;
Nescio, sed fieri sentio, et excrucior.'

Do you know that it is quite possible to love and hate the same person at the same moment? I love Florence Crawford because she is Florence Crawford. I hate her for the fatal bondage in which she holds me. I hate her for her evil influence upon my career. I hate her as the slave hates his master. Do other men suffer as I do, I wonder? or has feeling gone out of fashion, and am I behind the time? The

most devoted lover now-a-days only calls his betrothed a 'nice little party,' and hopes the governor will do the right thing. The men whom I meet take pains to advertise their contempt for anything like real feeling; and girls of eighteen tell you with a smile, that a love-match is the most preposterous thing in creation. The women of the present day are as heartless as they are beautiful, as artificial as they are charming, the Dead-sea fruit of civilization, the"—

"The natural growth of the age of sixty-mile-an-hour locomotives," rejoined the placid Sigismund. "Do you forget that man is an imitative animal, and that the rate at which we travel has become the rate at which we live?" * * *

"Do you think I don't know Florence Crawford?" Philip said; "and know that she is no wife for me?—if she would have me—and she would as soon think of marrying me as the carver and gilder who makes her father's frames. Indeed, I daresay she'd rather have the frame-maker, for he earns more money than I do, and could give her finer dresses. She has told me a hundred times that she will marry for money; that when she leaves her father's house—a bride, with innocent bridal flowers upon her brow—she will bid farewell to her home on the same principle as that on which her housemaid leaves hers—to better herself, &c. &c."

In spite of the implied protest against these mercenary ideas in girls of eighteen, the whole bearing of the book is to teach them that there is no happiness without money—that life is not life without carriages and shops, and inexhaustible riches, and a *carte blanche* from somebody to indulge in every extravagant whim. The mere repetition of these two words '*carte blanche*' page after page is immoral in its suggestion of riot among costly trifles: the very catalogue of shops, the knowledge our authoress possesses or affects to possess of the right places in which to spend a fortune, is dissipation. The reader is seldom introduced to a dinner, a bonnet, a chair, a table, or a chariot, without being told what it cost and where he, or rather she, may get one like it. In fact, the book may be regarded as a key for the use of those whose ideas of high life are derived from shop-windows and equipages. A hundred articles, unintelligible as they stand, have their purpose explained and are classed among the essentials of fashionable existence. To be sure, they are often denounced in the lump, and sentences and chapters are rounded off with a few phrases of trite morality on the unsatisfying nature of such joys; but it must be observed that they are the only joys the authoress succeeds in effectively presenting to

her readers. From all ideas of thrift and economy her soul recoils with a force very apt to communicate itself to the unwary reader. Now and then, indeed, we have pictures of simplicity and moderation; but the images she draws under this temporary influence are more depressing to the owner of a limited income than her profusion. She introduces the sentimental heroine, Lady Cecil, to the sentimental hero over a breakfast of chops, fish, and game, luscious plums, and hot-house grapes, with the following parade of their content in such homely fare, made tolerable by the excitement of a new sensation:—

'The trio in the little breakfast parlour in Sea View Cottage, was perhaps one of the pleasantest parties that ever met at so simply furnished a board. The spirit of the immortal Clicquot, whose vintages have made his widow's name so celebrated, may have smiled contemptuously at such a breakfast-table, on which the strongest beverages were tea and coffee; the mighty chiefs of Philippo's and the Maison Dorée would have held up their hands and shrugged their shoulders with amazement, if told that these benighted insulars could really enjoy these coarse viands,' &c. &c.

Eating and drinking, we observe, are very courageously treated as tastes upon which the heroines of this school may show as fine and practised a discernment as the heroes. French dishes, it is true, have always been found by the novelists a very convenient mode of proving themselves on familiar terms with fashionable life; but there is a reality and sentiment given to them in these pages as denoting profusion and self-indulgence, which coupled with contemptuous denunciations of 'the torture of genteel poverty,' and all the economies indispensable to small means, centres the mind on a merely sensual existence.

Writers of this school have as great a contempt for work as they have for economy. Genius is allowed, indeed, to make occasional frantic efforts. A painter may paint his eyes out without incurring reproach; but the work of the world is done in these novels by men incapable of inspiring a passion. Every man who does anything useful spoils himself for a hero, and degenerates into a machine. All the honest callings which constitute a social community are passed in review only to show how mean, poor, and unsatisfying a part a woman must play in the companionship of those who carry them on. A lover worthy of the name must have nothing else to do, and has a very poor chance if fortune has not aided

him with the means to be idle and worthless and devoted on a very splendid scale. It is *always* an excuse for whatever this authoress's heroines may find themselves tempted to do, that their husbands have a profession that occupies their morning, and even infringes upon the evening. In the novel before us, the sentimental heroine finds her dishonourable lover at an advantage over her husband, that he had sold out just before his regiment sailed for Japan that he might keep near her. Of course, we are assured that all this is very wrong—it is even, to suit the English market, called wickedness; but there it is. The word sacrifice comes over and over again—sacrifice of credit and honour, and so forth—all regarded as natural claims:—

'She tried to despise him for the dishonour, but even dishonour was a sacrifice he made to his love. "My husband will not waste an hour from his profession for my sake," she thought, "and this man, who was once so true and honourable, is ready to sacrifice truth and honour for love of me."

Thus worth and noble qualities are not more esteemed by the ladies than we have shown them to be by the men. But 'it had not been given to Cecil' (nor, as far as we can see, to any of this lady's heroines) —

'To understand the possibility of hidden fires burning steadily beneath the dull outward crust of the working man's nature. She did not know the capacity for deep and passionate feeling which may exist in the nature of a man whose daily labour leaves him no leisure for the revelation of the better and brighter part of his mind. She had expected to find a husband only an improved edition of a lover, and finding him something altogether different—a creature who accepted her affection as a matter of course, and was disagreeably candid on the subject of an unbecoming bonnet—she concluded all at once that she was no longer beloved, and that her life was desolate.'

Lady Cecil had married to escape 'the slow torture of genteel poverty, represented in her aunt's *menage* by a careful casting up of butcher's bills and a vigilant eye over domestic peculations.' Her soldier-lover, Hector, after flirting with her some months, had put it to her on parting whether he ought to keep an engagement of which, till this moment, he had not said a word, or throw the first love over and marry her. In this predicament Cecil is honourable: bids him go to India and keep his word with the lady, she herself, in due time marrying the great lawyer Mr. O'Boyneville, a

brisk, and indeed entertaining personage, to escape her aunt's painful economies. The lawyer is amusing to everybody but his wife:—

'Never, until her marriage, had Cecil been familiar with the people who do the work of this world; and it was scarcely strange if her husband, in work-day clothes, with his work-day manners, seemed to her a being of a different race from that to which belonged the high-born idlers she had been accustomed to encounter. She knew that he loved her, she knew that he was generous, good, true; but this knowledge was not enough. She knew that he was clever, but her lonely days were never brightened by any ray of his intellect, her desolate evenings were never enlivened by his wit. Was he *her* husband? Was he not rather wedded to that inexorable tyrant which he called his profession?'

In justice to this business-loving husband, it must be explained that when he talked to her of what interested him she gave no response; and when he invited his friends and their wives to grand dinners, where there was no longer need to weigh the respective cost of different dishes, the 'legal magnates with whom the great O'Boyneville chiefly associated were not interesting to his young wife.' So, when Hector comes back a widower and meets Lady Cecil O'Boyneville at Flo's (now Mrs. Lobyers') grand palace of a house, she at once conceives more mistrust of herself than the legal magnates' stupid wives would have at all approved. She is represented as making feeble efforts to escape the danger she finds in the presence of her old lover; but her honest, straightforward husband does not assist them. He persists in thinking change of air and scene good for her; for the shuddering, shivering dulness of Brunswick Square had been too much for her delicate sensibilities, and the luxurious and congenial society of Flo's home were of evident service to her health and spirits. This absolute and thoughtless trust of her husband offends his wife. Like the Odalisque of the Harem, she would prefer being 'the guarded flower.' The husband drops down upon his wife in the transient intervals of business, and instead of detecting that things are going wrong, makes himself the life of the party and the idol of all the ladies, young and old, who pour out their feelings to his wife.

'Cecil acknowledged these praises somewhat coldly. This noisy frivolous Irishman, whom other people thought so delightful, was no near-

er to her than the overworked barrister of Brunswick Square. She was weak enough to feel something like anger against him for his genial good temper—for his utter blindness to her deadly peril. Hector Gordon had broken his promise. He had stayed at Pevenshall; and in the social intercourse of that pleasant mansion it was impossible for Cecil to avoid his companionship; nor did Lawrence O'Boyneville's presence shield her in any manner from that dangerous association. Serene in perfect confidence, the barrister amused himself noisily at one end of the drawing-room, while Major Gordon talked to his wife at the other.

'So perverse is the human heart, that this placid truthfulness offended the woman who was trusted. Cecil resented her husband's confidence as an evidence of indifference,' &c. &c.

Of course, Fate is a power made to bear a great deal in stories like this. 'Heaven knows that she did her best to avoid him (the major); but her best efforts were very weak and futile as compared to the machinery which the Eumenides employed against her.' At races, and picnics, and water-parties, and rustic gatherings of every description, Lady Cecil was always finding Hector Gordon by her side. Our disapproval is to be propitiated by the remorseful agonies that embitter her share of these entertainments; but the great point made after a few sentences of that high-flown morality for which the penny press is famous—where our authoress probably acquired her proficiency in the dialect—is woman's helplessness. There are two extreme schools in the present day: the one the strong-minded, which gives to women the task of guiding not only themselves but mankind; the other, which expresses itself in the sensational novel, and represents woman as the creature of circumstances—as possessing no independent existence—as personating, against her will, the predominant influences of society—as being what man makes her. Whatever phrases of abstract morality may be interspersed in the narrative, we remain with the impression that Cecil could not help herself. The real moral of the story shows itself in such profanities as:—

'In vain she called upon her womanly pride to help her; in vain she supplicated better and surer help from that heaven her sin had offended, even while she prayed. Day by day she fought her battle bravely, but a dim consciousness of coming danger perpetually oppressed her. The odd simile of the precipice is the only comparison which fits the state of her mind.'

This is one state; but soon 'that fatal feeling of helplessness which holds the

dreamer in its spell' possessed her. In fact, the interesting woman in these books never does help herself, or get out of any quagmire she may plunge into, without the aid of some violent intervention, to which the French novel is superior, leaving things to take their natural course. We have said how Cecil was saved at the last moment from adultery when her boxes were packed. After this very narrow escape she had a nervous illness, out of which she issues a good wife, and quite content to receive the wedding cards of Hector's second marriage with a smiling face. But all this propriety is left for the last chapter or two: the progress of the story is entirely after the French model. And yet Cecil has had that unusual feature of respectability, 'a woman shrewd, a widowed aunt,' belonging to her. Most of this writer's heroines stand absolutely alone, and have to manage their affairs without feminine aid or hindrance. And this imparts a sort of disreputableness to the whole series of her fictions: independent of the doings and sayings of the isolated beauties, it suggests a very queer, rakish sort of society, where young women can come and go with no elder to advise or protect them. The society depicted in these books has no resemblance to the received ideas of respectable English society in any class, and on this account alone is very unsafe reading for young people.

The lively heroine, Flo, the painter's daughter, inasmuch as she is heartless and money-loving, is represented as moving with much less peril than the superior Cecil in the dissipation which it is the skill of Miss Braddon to depict with cleverness and a certain attraction. She marries a Manchester millionaire. Now money earned in any way is, under the ideas we find dominant here, sullied in the earning. Flo is mercenary for marrying a man whom she acknowledges to be '*tout ce qu'il y a de plus Manchester*.' This 'Manchester man,' Flo's husband, Mr. Lobyer, had mercantile men about him, he talks of funds and stock, and it is not supposed possible that the money-market, or any of the politics of the subject, can be interesting to the 'butterflies' who profit by the master's converseance with these topics. He is therefore utterly out of place and keeping with the luxury with which he surrounds himself and the pretty wife whom he has married, on the principles upon which he chose his horses and furniture. As a portrait he is not without cleverness. In fact, the writer has a large collection of portraits of the particular sort of men steady-going folks do not

want to know, who, indeed, rarely come under their ken. Mr. Lobyer is a mean and heartless lout, who has passed through Eton and subsequent experience of the world with the merest outside polish; but 'out of a crowd of beautiful and intellectual women the Manchester man might have chosen the loveliest.' On the ground that 'the value of wealth increases with the growing refinement of taste the purest attributes of the human mind — the love of art, the worship of beauty, the keen sense of grace — combine to render intellectual men the slaves of material prosperity;' and so on. All these fine terms, if reduced to practice, mean, with this authoress, the passion for spending; for buying pictures, and statues, and expensive nick-nacks; for having everything luxurious and handsome about you; for diamonds of the purest water; three hundred guinea chariots, matched foot men and high-stepping horses — which all are tastes which, for their 'unlimited gratification,' need a millionaire, wherever he got his money. There is one touch in his portrait which strikes us as highly descriptive of the boor class. In the beginning of his courtship he pays court to Florence's cockatoo: —

'It was not that he especially affected the society of cockatoos, but he was a young man who always seemed restless and uneasy if deprived of the companionship of some animal. He carried a toy terrier in his pocket when he made morning calls, and caressed the miniature brute stealthily in the frequent pauses of conversation. He was dull and embarrassed in the presence of an accomplished young lady, but he got on admirably with a ferret or a weasel; and there were people who said he could have made himself at home with a boa-constrictor. The cry of rats! stirred him with as profound a thrill of emotion as that which vibrates through the frame of a thorough-bred Dandie Diamond, or agitates the bosom of a sharp young bull-terrier.

'He was fond of his horses, and still more fond of his dogs; but the animals he affected were not the mighty natives of Newfoundland, or the noble denizens of Mount St. Bernard; the dogs which Mr. Lobyer purchased at high prices from crack dog-fanciers, were generally accomplished ratters and miniature specimens of the bull-dog tribe, renowned for their tendency to attach themselves to the calves of unoffending legs, and their high-bred objection to being removed from their prey.

'As the uncertain temper and occasional restlessness of his favourite terriers rendered it rather dangerous to take them to evening calls, Mr. Lobyer was always glad to fall back upon the society of any animal attached to the household in which he visited. He would re-

tire into a dusky corner and stir up the inhabitants of an aquarium with the point of his gold pencil-case, in the apparent hope of getting up intimate relations with a jelly-fish. He would beguile the golden inmates of a crystal globe by tearing up minute fragments of one of his visiting cards, and passing them off for such edible morsels as unwise benevolence offers to gold-fish. His intercourse with the inferior animals was not necessarily of a friendly order. His hands were disfigured by the teeth of his dogs, goaded into desperation by his playful sallies; for it was sometimes his humour to worry the distinguished ratters very much as the distinguished ratters worried the rats.'

Most of us have been entertained by the exhibition of sallies of this sort in men feeling themselves privileged to stop all rational or continuous discourse by noisy or tumultuous cat or dog contests, and fancying their bad manners atoned for by the show of kindness and geniality indissolubly associated, in some minds, with what is called love of animals, though the thing we mean may seem to the sufferers more the preference of the brute over the human, than any positive admiration or tenderness. On such occasions we feel, with the ladies of Cranford, tantalized at a tea-party, by witnessing the whole contents of the miniature cream-jug poured into one saucer for Dash, under the plea, 'Poor fellow, he is so intelligent.' 'We were much more intelligent,' argued the defrauded company; but it had not appeared so to their entertainer.

Flo insists, in the face of that 'dear, disagreeable old darling,' and 'wonderful old party,' her artist-father, on marrying Mr. Lobyer, and revels in wealth and fine company till a smash comes. Mr. Lobyer very appropriately goes to the dogs, and she finds herself a young widow; and the story ends, in her case, in her marrying, not the baronet she has flirted with all along, but the young artist, after all. As for anybody getting punished for wrong-doing, or any harm coming of it, this is not at all in the authoress's scheme. Thus the moral — if we mean by it the end — is hardly as satisfying to poetical justice as in the French novel. Folly and wickedness are treated as diseases of youth, from which there is little hope of escape, but which leave no subtle mischief behind. Middle life retains no more traces of them than it does of the measles and scarlatina which fevered its infancy.

It is a relief to turn from these fine ladies, lively or sentimental, who depend for what principles or character the last page accords them, to anything rather than their own

moral strength, to a heroine of altogether another stamp, though she, too, embodies an ideal of modern society, and is a conception which could not have occurred to its author out of our own time. However sound and intensely respectable is Mrs. Oliphant's Lucilla, however removed from the meretricious Delilahs of a popular school, it is not intended that we should detect in her any of the unconscious innocence of girlhood. She starts life if anything a deeper schemer than she leaves off; the world teaches her nothing that she did not know before. With the aid of a little instruction from 'Friends in Council' she appears upon the scene a Minerva all armed, and from henceforth bows the world to her behest.

There must be resemblances where we can hope to establish a contrast, and perhaps one of these arises out of the wonderful fecundity of the authoresses before us. Since Miss Braddon appeared upon the scene, she writes with a rapidity that probably cannot be surpassed. But Mrs. Oliphant — the name is too well known for any discourtesy to attach to our connecting it with the work before us — has carried on the process of production at the same rate for a much longer period. We imagine, if we could see in one book-case the collected works of this lady, the display would test the limits of human belief. It has been held an impossibility, on this ground alone, that all the novels, not to speak of graver and more important works which report has attributed to her name, could be by the same hand. And when we consider further the difference of merit, the extremes of poverty and excellence, of which the series offers examples, the perplexity increases. That one and the same hand should produce so many weak and so many capital stories; that the good and the bad should dovetail into one another; that, after seeming utterly worn out, the pen should start in a new vein better than any that has been before; — all this is baffling to ordinary penetration. The writer evidently has the power of putting more or less of mind into her work, as the subject deserves it. There seems a capability of writing as in a dream, working from a mere reflection of a mirror, like the lady of Shalott, and never lifting her eyes to see the real life which passes by: and then, turning from these shadows, the powers can rouse themselves to an effort, and draw a character like Edward Irving's, and produce a Mr. Tozer and her Australian heroine — creations of whom any novelist may be proud; portraits for truth and life scarcely to be surpassed.

Rapid writers must resemble each other in an evident yielding to certain innate guiding impulses. It takes time and study to see the world as it really is, and character as it reveals itself. We believe that throughout the impossible series we have contemplated as a fact, there are certain images and situations that invariably occur, not material enough to constitute a likeness in the face of so much dissimilarity, but weakening the best below what might otherwise have been their place. A real consistent picture of the life we see, is perhaps as far beyond this accomplished writer's wishes as her powers. The habit of composition at full speed is incompatible with even the aim to produce it. To reconcile the world within with the world without, there must be pauses. It is pleasanter and easier to the flowing pen to ignore everything that calls for a stop. Acute as is the authoress of the Carlingford series, bright and quick-sighted as are her observations on life and character, the world she draws is, as a whole, a perfectly different world from the world we see; the real motives and forces that influence men have no affinity very often with the influences she represents as controlling them. Above all, the effects of extreme rapidity in composition, and the absorption necessary to the effort, are injurious where the narrative occupies any length of time. Events which in real life would have a transient importance, influences which could only tell for days or weeks, dominate over long spaces of time, and an undue and extravagant weight is given to trifles and insignificant characters. It is amazing what things are supposed possible, and under tension of mind held for such, where the daylight of deliberation is never let in. The story before us is an especial example of this. The conception of Miss Marjoribanks's character is admirable, the drawing full of spirit and humour. Her start in the life she plans for herself, if not probable, is at least allowably so for fiction; but to make her so royally potent for ten years of actual life, to represent all Carlingford thronging to her 'Thursdays,' and under her control, and occupied generally with Lucilla for ten years, is an absurdity of the sort which irritates. Think of everything the same for ten years, and Lucilla arresting the wheels of time, and keeping Carlingford in act, in words, feelings, and intentions, dependent on her direction!

But it is the especial infirmity of female writers, otherwise very acute discerners, to reason from too bounded a view, to make great things hang on small occurrences only

calculated to influence a family circle; to excite a neighborhood, and to represent society as moved to its depths by incidents which would be lost and utterly disregarded in the real stir of life, to stretch nine-days' wonders into historical events, and to draw into the vortex of the plot and stimulate with its interests numbers on whom it can have no personal bearing.

The character of Miss Marjoribanks might be called elaborately drawn for the number of touches, but they are struck off on another principle. It is a true picture of a mind of a very distinct and genuine order, commoner than some of us are aware; and as the work of a real observer who evidently has taken extraordinary pleasure in the delineation, it is a valuable and suggestive contribution to the literature of fiction. Lucilla is a born actor; she instinctively plans for spectators and an audience. She could not be innocently unconscious of the world; and in this sense is never alone and off her guard. With a fancy embracing beforehand every point of the situation, whatever it is, she can realize nothing apart from the effect of her own action in it. She rehearses everything beforehand with a view to this action. She is full of schemes for the benefit of others, but can entertain no ideas apart from self. With much foresight and boundless readiness, and an ambition to lead and direct all the world for their good, the impression she really makes on others never occurs to her: she cannot contemplate herself from without. She is impervious to ridicule on this ground, being satisfied with her own idea, and never for a moment off her guard. She profits, as we frequently find persons do in real life, from a bounded view, and the absence of fancy and humour; and in the plenitude and even simplicity of self-esteem, speaks of herself and enumerates her designs with a straightforwardness which passes for playfulness and wit—for anything but the grave literal meaning which it really is. We can quite understand how she gains the ascendancy she does over the little kingdom she means to rule, consisting at first of two very impracticable elements,—her cool-headed father, accustomed to his own way, and his cook, hitherto supreme over him and his establishment; and how she uses them to accomplish her design of putting society upon a right footing in Carlingford and herself at the head of it. A strong will, a good understanding, favouring circumstances, and, above all, entertaining no aims or ideas beyond this very material ambition, are the means by which she accomplishes it. It is only a limited class

of readers who care enough for skill and ingenuity in common-life portraiture, pursued in mere love of the sport, to be carried on unwearied to the end of Lucilla's ten years' labours; but such as do will have found themselves rewarded in the perusal of one of the least commonplace of novels. Such delineations are studies in a double sense. If we are only told what such heroines do and say we know nothing; we must always be admitted to the workings of the mind. For this great delicacy of touch is needed; the habit of dissecting thought may otherwise degenerate into a trick, the processes may easily fail in variety, or the author, letting us into the inner mechanism, may forget to put thought into words, or be negligent of the mode by which they express themselves. The present writer fails often through this inadvertence. In the habit of telling her readers how the mind of her favorite works its ends, she grows careless of actual expression, and is content with a formula where this is least to be tolerated. Persons always intent on producing one class of effects are likely enough to fall into mannerism; they are pretty sure to want nature and spontaneity of expression; but this authoress, when she has found a formula that represents the character of her subject, does not scruple to make it serve for ten years at a stretch; and in her best novels there are always some one or two who, whatever mental fluctuations they may pass through, and however carefully these may be drawn, always deliver themselves with the same action and in very much the same words. If Lucilla had really asserted to all her friends, and wound up every revelation of her designs by the declaration that her one aim in life 'was to be a comfort to papa,' she would have had no influence at all. All people are sensitive to verbal repetitions, and minds of real power scarcely ever fall into the trick of them. With this writer these repetitions stand for a sort of *et cetera* which the reader is expected to interpret and dress into variety. Another habit we must specify as, where not a deliberate affectation, a mark of hurried composition, that of introducing certain colloquial turns of expression—phrases which are only agreeable when they come rarely and are of sudden occurrence to the writer. Rapid voluminous talkers fill up what would be pauses and blanks in less fluent speakers, with a sort of bye-play of communication with the person addressed, with frequent repetitions of his name, invoking his attention with 'You knows,' 'You sees,'—all efforts to keep hold of the ear by the button, as it

were. The pens of not a few female writers adopt the same system, and interpolate familiar appeals into the narrative; so that each reader shall fancy himself individually addressed and coaxed into sympathy. With imitators this trick is deliberately put on. In the present instance it comes of the mere carelessness of facility, and disfigures an unusually clear and graceful style. The printers ought to have license to strike out nine out of every ten 'to be sures' and 'naturallys' that meet their quick, detective glance. 'Miss Marjoribanks' suffers exceptionally in this respect, because the character so fully delineated extremely amuses the author, and is drawn throughout with a gentle irony, for which she craves the reader's sympathy. It is, in fact, a satire on the managing class on the one hand, and the world that submits to be managed by women of this order on the other. The story so far gives in to the new worldly idea of girlhood, that Lucilla starts her career an 'older hand'—if we may be permitted the vulgarity—than she leaves off. In fact, like all biographers the author grows fond of her creation. The tears her heroine sheds in the opening page for her mother are not such genuine tears as those that flow for her father at the end; and ten years of scheming—not exactly selfish scheming, but which cannot be otherwise described—leave her a simpler character than we find her at fifteen.

Lucilla is first introduced to us on her journey homewards, whither she had been summoned on the unexpected death of her invalid mother. A fine, tall, forward girl, and already a woman of the world, her thoughts embrace all the consequences to herself of the new situation:—

'These were the external characteristics of the girl who was going home to be a comfort to her widowed father, and meant to sacrifice herself to his happiness. In the course of her rapid journey she had already settled upon everything that had to be done; or rather, to speak more truly had rehearsed everything, according to the habit already acquired by a quick mind, a good deal occupied with itself. First she meant to fall into her father's arms—forgetting, with that singular facility for overlooking the peculiarities of others which belongs to such a character, that Dr. Marjoribanks was very little given to embracing, and that a hasty kiss on her forehead was the warmest caress he had ever given his daughter—and then to rush up to the chamber of death and weep over dear mamma. "And to think I was not there to soothe her last moments!" Lucilla said to herself, with a sob, and with feelings sufficiently real in their way. After this, the devoted daughter made up her mind to come down-stairs again, pale as

death, but self-controlled, and devote herself to papa. Perhaps, if great emotion should make him tearless, as such cases had been known Miss Marjoribanks would steal into his arms unaware, and so surprise him into weeping. All this went briskly through her mind, undeterred by the reflection that tears were as much out of the doctor's way as embraces; and in this mood she sped swiftly along in the inspiration of her first sorrow, as she imagined, but in reality to suffer her first disappointment, which was of a less soothing character than that mild and manageable grief.'

Nothing can be more apparently unpromising than the father for whom this sacrifice was contemplated. But the manager must not be sensitive. Thought, in this character, takes another direction; positive aims are too absorbing things for the torturing suggestions of sensibility to get any hold. The doctor—throughout admirably sustained—was from home on her arrival:—

'Lucilla was not the woman to be disconcerted. She carried out the second part of her programme without either interference or sympathy, except from Mrs. Marjoribanks' maid, who had some hopes from the moment of her arrival. "I can't bear to think as I'm to be parted from you all, miss," sobbed the faithful attendant. "I've lost the best missus as ever was, and I shouldn't mind going after her. Whenever anyone gets a good friend in this world, they're the first to be took away," said the weeping hand-maiden, who naturally saw her own loss in the most vivid light. "Ah, Ellis," cried Miss Marjoribanks, reposing her sorrow in the arms of this anxious attendant, "we must try to be a comfort to poor papa!"

'With this end Lucilla made herself very troublesome to the sober-minded Doctor during those few dim days before the faint and daily lessening shadow of poor Mrs. Marjoribanks was removed altogether from the house. When that sad ceremony had taken place, and the doctor returned, serious enough, Heaven knows, to the great house, where the faded helpless woman, who had notwithstanding been his love and his bride in other days, lay no longer on the familiar sofa, the crisis arrived which Miss Marjoribanks had rehearsed so often, but after quite a different fashion. The widower was tearless, indeed, but not from excess of emotion. On the contrary, a painful heaviness possessed him when he became aware how little real sorrow was in his mind, and how small an actual loss was this loss of his wife, which bulked before the world as an event of just as much magnitude as the loss, for example, which poor Mr. Lake, the drawing master, was at the same moment suffering. It was even sad, in another point of view, to think of a human creature passing out of the world, and leaving so little trace that she had ever been there. As for the pretty creature whom Dr. Marjoribanks had married, she had

vanished into thin air years and years ago. These thoughts were heavy enough — perhaps even more overwhelming than that grief which develops love to its highest point of intensity. But such were not precisely the kind of reflections which could be soled by paternal *attention* — *dissement* over a weeping and devoted daughter. It was May, and the weather was warm for the season; but Lucilla had caused the fire to be lighted in the large gloomy library where Dr. Marjoribanks always sat in the evenings, with the idea that it would be “a comfort” to him; and, for the same reason, she had ordered tea to be served there, instead of the dinner, for which her father, as she imagined, could have little appetite. When the Doctor went into his favourite seclusion, tired and heated and sad — for even on the day of his wife’s funeral the favourite doctor of Carlingford had patients to think of — the very heaviness of his thoughts gave warmth to his indignation. He had longed for the quiet and the coolness and the solitude of his library, apart from everybody; and when he found it radiant with firelight, tea set on the table, and Lucilla crying by the fire, in her new crape, the effect upon a temper by no means perfect may be imagined. The unfortunate man threw both the windows wide open and rang the bell violently, and gave instant orders for the removal of the unnecessary fire and tea service. “Let me know when dinner is ready,” he said, in a voice like thunder; “and if Miss Marjoribanks wants a fire, let it be lighted in the drawing-room.” Lucilla was so much taken by surprise by this sudden overthrow of her programme, that she submitted, as a girl of much less spirit might have done, and suffered herself and her fire and her tea-things to be dismissed up-stairs, where she wept still more at sight of dear mamma’s sofa, and when Ellis came to mingle her tears with those of her young mistress, and to beg dear Miss Lucilla, for the sake of her precious ‘elf and her dear papa, to be persuaded to take some tea. On the whole, master stood lessened in the eyes of all the household by his ability to eat his dinner, and his resentment at having his habits disturbed, “Them men would eat and drink if we was all in our graves,” said the indignant cook, who indeed had a real grievance; and the outraged sentiment of the kitchen was avenged by a bad and hasty dinner, which the Doctor, though generally “very particular,” swallowed without remark. About an hour afterwards he went up-stairs to the drawing-room, where Miss Marjoribanks was waiting for him, much less at ease than she had expected to be. Though he gave a little sigh at the sight of his wife’s sofa, he did not hesitate to sit down upon it, and even to draw it a little out of its position, which, as Lucilla described afterwards, was like a knife going into her heart; though, indeed, she had herself decided already in the intervals of her tears, that the drawing-room furniture had got very faded, and shabby, and that it would be very expedient to have it renewed for the new reign of youth and energy which was about to commence. As for the

Doctor, though Miss Marjoribanks thought him insensible, his heart was heavy enough. His wife had gone out of the world without leaving the least mark of her existence, except in that large girl, whose spirits and forces were unbounded, but whose discretion at the present moment did not seem much greater than her mother’s. Instead of thinking of her as a comfort, the Doctor felt himself called upon to face a new and unexpected embarrassment.

Under this stimulus he begins to talk to her of an early return to school, as the means of restoring her spirits to their natural tone: —

“Papa!” cried Miss Marjoribanks, and then she summoned courage, and rushed up to him, and threw herself and her clouds of crape on the carpet at his side (and it may here be mentioned that Lucilla had seized the opportunity to have her mourning made *long*, which had been the desire of her heart, baffled by mamma and governess for at least a year). “Papa!” she exclaimed with fervour, raising to him her tear-stained face, and clasping her fair plump hands, “oh, don’t send me away! I was only a silly girl the other day, but *this* has made me a woman. Though I can never, never hope to take dear mamma’s place, and be — all — that she was to you, still I feel I can be a comfort to you if you will let me. You shall not see me cry any more,” cried Lucilla with energy, rubbing away her tears. “I will never give way to my feelings. I will ask for no companions — nor — nor anything. As for pleasure, that is all over. Oh, papa, you shall never see me regret anything, or wish for anything. I will give up everything in the world to be a comfort to you!”

“This address, which was utterly unexpected, drove Dr. Marjoribanks to despair. He said, “Get up, Lucilla;” but the devoted daughter knew better than to get up. She hid her face in her hands, and rested her hands upon her mother’s sofa, where the Dr. was sitting; and the sobs of that emotion which she meant to control henceforward, echoed through the room. “It is only for this once — I can — cannot help it,” she cried. When her father found that he could neither soothe her, nor succeed in raising her, he got up himself, which was the only thing left to him, and began to walk about the room with hasty steps. Her mother, too, had possessed this dangerous faculty of tears; and it was not wonderful if the sober-minded Doctor, roused for the first time to consider his little girl as a creature possessed of individual character, should recognize, with a thrill of dismay, the appearance of the same qualities which had wearied his life out, and brought his youthful affections to an untimely end. Lucilla was, it is true, as different from her mother as summer from winter; but Dr. Marjoribanks had no means of knowing that his daughter was only doing her duty by him in his wid-

owhood, according to a programme of filial devotion resolved upon, in accordance with the best models, some days before.

'Accordingly, when her sobs had ceased; her father returned and raised her up not unkindly, and placed her in her chair. In doing so, the Doctor put his finger by instinct upon Lucilla's pulse, which was sufficiently calm and well regulated to reassure the most anxious parent. And then a furtive momentary smile gleamed for a single instant round the corners 'of his mouth.'

The Doctor keeps his daughter at bay four years; but after finishing her education by a year of foreign travel, she returns home and takes possession. Her desires are not of the ordinary young lady sort, but somewhat Amazonian in character. Marriage with her is a resource, not a primary object. All the freshness of her youth and powers she means to devote to the formation of Society in Carlingford. A little scene with a quondam schoolfellow lets us into the religious aspect of the character. She has allowed it to transpire that the language of love and admiration is not new to her:—

"Nonsense," said Lucilla, "I only want you to understand that I am not likely to fall into any danger of that sort. My only ambition, Fanny, as I have told you often, is to go home to Carlingford and be a comfort to dear papa."

"Yes," said Fanny, kissing her devoted companion, "and it is so good of you, dear; but then you cannot go on all your life being a comfort to dear papa," said the intelligent girl, bethinking herself, and looking again with some curiosity in Lucilla's face.

"We must leave that to Providence," said Miss Marjoribanks, with a sense of paying a compliment to Providence in intrusting it with such a responsibility. "I have always been guided for the best hitherto," she continued, with an innocent and unintentional profanity, which sounded solemn to her equally innocent companion, "and I don't doubt I shall be so till the end."

From which it will be perceived that Miss Marjoribanks was of the numerous class of religionists who keep up civilities with Heaven, and pay all the proper attentions, and show their respect for the divine government in a manner befitting persons who know the value of their own approbation.'

The modes by which Lucilla gains the ascendancy she covets are original, and a testimony to the authoress's penetration. Her candour is one great engine—that candour which we often see the result of profound self-reliance. There is a lady in Carlingford celebrated for her talent of mimicry, by which she renders herself a

terror to her own circle. Miss Marjoribanks takes an early opportunity of showing her fearlessness. There is a dear old lady who believes profoundly in Lucilla; this lady the mimic takes off, in her way:—

"I am sure by her face she has been telling you about my niece Susan," said the mimic, assuming Mrs. Chiley's tone, and almost her appearance, for the moment, "and that one of them was a baronet, my dear. I always know from her looks what she has been saying; and 'the Colonel was much as usual, but suffering a little from the cold, as he always does in this climate.' She must be a good soul, for she always has her favourite little speeches written in her face."

"I am sure I don't know," said Miss Marjoribanks, who felt it was her duty to make an example; "there has always been one thing remarked of me all my life, that I never have had a great sense of humour. I know it is singular, but when one has a defect, it is always so much better to confess it. I always get on very well with anything else, but I never had any sense of humour, you know; and I am very fond of Mrs. Chiley. She has always had a fancy for me from the time I was born; and she has such nice manners. But then, it is so odd I should have no sense of humour," said Lucilla, addressing herself to Mrs. Centum, who was sitting on the sofa by her. "Don't you think it is very odd?"

"I am sure it is very nice," said Mrs. Centum. "I hate people that laugh at everything. I don't see much to laugh at myself, I am sure, in this distracting world; any one who has a lot of children and servants like me to look after, finds very little to laugh at." And she seized the opportunity to enter upon domestic circumstances. Mrs. Woodburn did not answer a word. She made a most dashing murderous sketch of Lucilla, but that did the future ruler of Carlingford very little harm; and then, by the evening, it was known through all Grange Lane that Miss Marjoribanks had snubbed the caricaturist who kept all the good people in terror of their lives. Snubbed her absolutely, and took the words out of her very mouth, was the report that flew through Grange Lane; and it may be imagined how Lucilla's prestige rose in consequence, and how much people began to expect of Miss Marjoribanks, who had performed such a feat almost on the first day of her return home.'

Her next care is to bring her father's *ménage* into such a state of perfection as shall assist her in the primary object of her life. Her cousin, Tom Marjoribanks, who assists in the following scene, is an admirer whom she has had to snub. Refurnishing is not at all in the Doctor's style; but she takes the bull by the horns, and after some comments on the twenty-two years which

have elapsed since the process had been gone through before:—

"Papa, if you have no objection, I should like to choose the colours myself. There is a great deal in choosing colours that go well with one's complexion. People think of that for their dresses, but not for their rooms, which are of so much more importance. I should have liked blue, but blue gets so soon tawdry. I think," said Miss Marjoribanks, rising and looking at herself seriously in the glass, "that I have enough complexion at present to venture upon a pale spring green."

This little calculation, which a timid young woman would have taken care to do by herself, Lucilla did publicly, with her usual discrimination. The Doctor, who had looked a little grim at first, could not but laugh when he saw the sober look of care and thought with which Miss Marjoribanks examined her capabilities in the glass. It was not so much the action itself that amused her father, as the consummate ability of the young revolutionary. Dr. Marjoribanks was Scotch, and had a respect for "talent" in every development, as is natural to his nation. He did not even give his daughter the credit for sincerity which she deserved, but set it all to the score of her genius, which was complimentary, certainly, in one point of view; but the fact was that Lucilla was perfectly sincere, and that she did what was natural to her under guidance of her genius, so as always to be in good fortune, just as Tom Marjoribanks, under the guidance of his, brought discredit even upon those eternal ordinances of English government which fixed the time of the Carlingford assizes. Lucilla was quite in earnest in thinking that the colour of the drawing-room was an important matter, and that a woman of sense had very good reason for suiting it to her complexion—an idea which accordingly she proceeded to develop and explain. "For one can change one's dress," said Miss Marjoribanks, "as often as one likes—at least as often, you know, as one has dresses to change: but the furniture remains the same. I am always a perfect guy, whatever I wear, when I sit against a red curtain. You men say that a woman always knows when she's good-looking, but I am happy to say I know when I look a guy. What I mean is a delicate pale-green, papa. For my part, I think it wears just as well as any other colour; and all the painters say it is the very thing for pictures. The carpet, of course, would be a darker shade; and as for the chairs, it is not at all necessary to keep to one colour. Both red and violet go beautifully with green, you know. I am sure Mr. Holden and I could settle all about it without giving you any trouble."

"Who told you, Lucilla," said the Doctor, "that I meant to refurnish the house?" He was even a little angry at her boldness, but at the same time he was so much amused and pleased in his heart to have so clever a daughter,

that all the tones that could produce terror were softened out of his voice. "I never heard that was a sort of thing that a man had to do for his daughter," said Dr. Marjoribanks; "and I would like to know what I should do with all that finery when you get married—as I suppose you will by and by—and leave me alone in the house!"

"Ah, that is the important question," said Tom. As usual, it was Tom's luck; but then, when there did happen to be a moment when he ought to be silent, the unfortunate fellow could not help but speak.

"Perhaps I may marry some time," said Miss Marjoribanks, with composure; "it would be foolish, you know, to make any engagements; but that will depend greatly upon how you behave, and how Carlingford behaves, papa. I give myself ten years here, if you should be very good. By twenty-nine I shall be going off a little, and perhaps it may be tiring, for anything I can tell. Ten years is a long time, and naturally, in the meantime, I want to look as well as possible. Stop a minute; I forgot to put down the number of paces for the length. Tom, please to do it over again for me."

There is no doubt something of caricature in all this, but it is derived from nature, and is true at bottom. The people who get their way in this world are not those who sound the depths of other minds, but who have profound faith in themselves and their power of getting it. The programme of her life here laid out is carried out in the course of a story. The writer amuses herself rather with depicting things as they are or seem, than drawing a moral from them; and Lucilla, who in some hands would degenerate in the process, gains under the habits of a decorous and energetic life. Many impossible scenes, to illustrate her presence of mind, control over circumstances and general sway over persons and events, are given; for in spite of so many happy strokes and evidences of keen insight, it seems indispensable with this authoress that the society she depicts should be a fancy picture, and something entirely alien from our experience. At the close we come to a change in Lucilla's fortunes. Her wealthy father dies suddenly from the shock, as it proves, of an entire loss of his property. The effect of both trials on the heroine are given with an extraordinary truth and delicacy of delineation. The spirit of management, it may have been observed, renders those under its influence philosophical under some classes of loss. They don't lose themselves at once in losing surroundings; for they still have faith in a work to be done of which they must be the doers. But the merit here lies in the photographic truth

with which the course of sensation incident to an active mind upon sudden reverse is given. The circumstances of the Doctor's last evening are given with detail. The next morning he is found dead, to the horror and dismay of all Carlingford:—

'Inside the house, naturally, the state of affairs was sad enough. Lucilla, notwithstanding the many other things she had had to occupy her mind, was fond of her father, and the shock overwhelmed her for a moment. Though she was not the kind of woman to torture herself with thinking of things that she might have done, still at the first moment the idea that she ought not to have left him alone—that she should have sat up and watched or taken some extraordinary unusual precaution—was not to be driven away from her mind. The reign of reason was eclipsed in her as it often is in such an emergency. She said it was her fault in the first horror. "When I saw how he was looking, and how he was talking, I should never have left him," said Lucilla, which indeed was a very natural thing to say, but would have been an utterly impossible one to carry out, as she saw when she came to think of it. But she could not think of it just then. She did not think at all that first long snowy, troubled day, but went about the house, on the bed-room floor, wringing her hands like a creature distracted. "If I had only sat up," she said; and then she would recall the touch of his hand on her shoulder, which she seemed still to be feeling, and cry out, like all the rest of the world, that it could not be true. But, to be sure, that was a state of feeling that could not last long. There are events for which something higher than accident must be held accountable, were one ever so ready to take the burden of affairs on one's own shoulders; and Lucilla knew, when she came to herself, that if she had watched ever so long or so closely, that could have had no effect upon the matter. After a while the bewildering sense of her own changed position began to come upon her, and roused her up into that feverish and unnatural activity of thought which, in some minds, is the inevitable reaction after the unaccustomed curb and shock of grief. When she had got used to that dreadful certainty about her father, and had suddenly come with a leap to the knowledge that she was not to blame, and could not help it, and that though he was gone, she remained, it is no censure upon Lucilla to say that her head became immediately full of a horror and confusion of thoughts, an involuntary stir and bustle of plans and projects, which she did all she could to put down, but which would return and overwhelm her whether she chose it or not. She could not help asking herself what her new position was, thinking it over, so strangely free and new and unlimited as it seemed. And it must be recollected that Miss Marjoribanks was a woman of very active mind and great energies, too old to take up a girl's fancy that all was over because she had encountered a natural

grief on her passage, and too young not to see a long future still before her. She kept her room, as was to be expected, and saw nobody, and only moved the household and superintended the arrangements in a muffled way through Thomas, who was an old servant, and knew "the ways" of the house; but notwithstanding her seclusion and her honest sorrow, and her perfect observance of all the ordinary restraints of the moment, it would be wrong to omit all mention of this feverish bustle of thinking which came into Lucilla's mind in her solitude. Of all that she had to bear, it was the thing that vexed and irritated and distressed her the most—as if, she said to herself indignantly, she ought to have been able to think of anything! And the chances are that Lucilla, for sheer duty's sake, would have said, if anybody had asked, that of course she had not thought of anything as yet; without being aware that the mere shock, and horror, and profound commotion had a great deal more to do than anything else in producing that fluttering crowd of busy, vexatious speculations which had come, without any will of hers, into her heart.'

Then comes the funeral, the peculiar sense of loss and emptiness in the mere thought of death, in a man of the Doctor's sort.

'For, to tell the truth, Dr. Marjoribanks was one of the men who, according to external appearance, need never have died. There was nothing about him that wanted to be set right, no sort of loss, or failure, or misunderstanding, so far as anybody could see. An existence in which he could have his friends to dinner every week, and a good house, and good wine, and a very good table, and nothing particular to put him out of his way, seemed in fact the very ideal of the best life for the Doctor. There was nothing in him that seemed to demand anything better, and it was confusing to try to follow him into that which, no doubt, must be in all its fundamentals a very different kind of world. He was a just man and a good man in his way, and had been kind to many people in his lifetime—but still he did not seem to have that need of another rectifying completer existence which most men have. There seemed no reason why he should die—a man who was so well contented with this lower region in which many of us fare badly, and where so few of us are contented. This was a fact which exercised a very confusing influence, even when they themselves were not aware of it, on many people's minds. It was hard to think of him under any other circumstances, or identify him with angels and spirits—which feeling on the whole made the regret for him a more poignant sort of regret.'

But Lucilla has to be further tried; and succeeding upon the funeral come the vision and confirmation of ruin. The news is

broken to her by a weak-minded aunt, who happens to be on a visit at the time. Aunt Jemima, after the pattern of inconsistent womanhood, will not understand the circumstances, feels as if she never could forgive her brother-in-law for bringing up Lucilla as he has done, and leaving her without a farthing, and breaks into offers of protection and a home:—

‘But Lucilla put her aunt away softly when she was about to fall upon her neck. Miss Marjoribanks was struck dumb; her heart seemed to stop beating for the moment. “It is quite impossible—it cannot be true,” she said, and gave a gasp to recover her breath. Then Mrs. John came down upon her with facts, proving it to be true—showing how Dr. Marjoribanks’s money was invested, and how it had been lost. She made a terrible muddle of it, no doubt, but Lucilla was not very clear about business details any more than her aunt, and she did not move nor say a word while the long, involved, endless narrative went on. She kept saying it was impossible in her heart for half of the time, and then she crept nearer the fire, and shivered, and said nothing even to herself, and did not even seem to listen, but knew that it must be true. It would be vain to attempt to say that it was not a terrible blow to Lucilla; her strength was weakened already by grief and solitude and want of food, for she could not find it in her heart to go on eating her ordinary meals as if nothing had happened; and all of a sudden she felt the cold seize her, and drew closer and closer to the fire. The thoughts which she had been thinking in spite of herself, and for which she had so greatly condemned herself, went out with a sudden distinctness, as if it had been a lamp going out and leaving the room in darkness, and a sudden sense of utter gloom and cold and bewildering uncertainty came over Lucilla. When she lifted her eyes from the fire, into which she had been gazing, it almost surprised her to find herself still in this warm room where there was every appliance for comfort, and where her entire wardrobe of new mourning—everything, as Aunt Jemima said, that a woman could desire—was piled up on the bed. It was impossible that she could be a penniless creature, left on her own resources, without father or supporter or revenue; and yet—good heavens! could it be true?’

When left to herself she begins to think, and the train of thought, and the effect of external things upon it, are given with what, in spite of feminine authorship, we may call a master’s hand:—

‘But after Mrs. John had gone away full of wonder at her philosophy, Lucilla drew close to the fire again, and took her head between her hands, and tried to think what it meant.

Could it be true? Instead of the heiress, in a good position, who could go abroad or anywhere, and do anything she liked, was it possible that she was only a penniless single woman with nobody to look to, and nothing to live on? Such an extraordinary incomprehensible revolution might well make one feel giddy. The solid house and the comfortable room, and her own sober brain, which was not in the way of being put off its balance, seemed to turn round and round as she looked into the fire. Lucilla was not one to throw the blame upon her father as Mrs. John had done. On the contrary she was sorry, profoundly sorry for him, and made such a picture to herself of what his feelings must have been, when he went into his room that night and knew that all his hard-earned fortune was gone, that it made her weep the deepest tears for him that she had yet shed. “Poor papa!” she said to herself; and as she was not much given to employing her imagination in this way, and realizing the feeling of others, the effect was all the greater now. If he had but told her, and put off a share of the burden from his own shoulders on to hers who could have borne it! but the Doctor had never done justice to Lucilla’s qualities. This, amid her general sense of confusion and dizziness and insecurity, was the only clear thought that struck Miss Marjoribanks; and that it was very cold and must be freezing outside; and how did the poor people manage who had not all her present advantages? She tried to put away this revelation from her, as she had said to Aunt Jemima, and keep it for a little at arm’s length, and get a night’s rest in the meantime, and so to be able to bring a clear head to the contemplation of it to-morrow, which was the most judicious thing to do. But when the mind has been stimulated by such a shock, Solomon himself, one would suppose, could scarcely, however clearly he might perceive what was best, take the judicious passive way. When Lucilla got up from where she was crouching before the fire, she felt so giddy that she could scarcely stand. Her head was all queer, as she had said, and she had a singing in her ears. She herself seemed to have changed along with her position. An hour or two before, she could have answered for her own steadiness and self-possession in almost any circumstances, but now the blood seemed to be running a race in her veins, and the strangest noises hummed in her ears. She felt ashamed of her weakness, but she could not help it; and then she was weak with grief and excitement and comparative fasting, which told for something, probably, in her inability to bear so unlooked-for a blow.

We wish, if only as a matter of taste, that the flippant allusion to Solomon, which at once interrupts and vulgarizes the tone, had been omitted; but it is a passing specimen of the easy terms on which Mrs. Oliphant stands towards all themes and topics. It is owing, no doubt, to the feminine

tendency already alluded to, of giving undue weight and influence to trifles, that there is uniformly to be found, in her best novels, a glaring discrepancy between her plots and her characters. The incidents are apt to be far-fetched, romantic, improbable — the connexion between cause and effect fails — the reader's experience rebels against them: the characters themselves, and the observations upon life and society, are full of truth, point, and originality; and it is just as the reader's own leanings dispose him to overlook absurd improbabilities in the story, for the sake of the lively and graphic realizing energy with which the detail is worked out, or to weary of the elaborate touches by which it is attempted to prove the impossible probable, that he will read with pleased sustained attention to the end, or flag midway.

Every study of a character, working out fair natural aims in a wholesome state of society, if done with care and love of the work, is, in its degree, of real value to literature. 'Miss Marjoribanks' is such a contribution; she teaches something, and leaves an image of vigorous self-reliance on the mind. But the society of Miss Braddon's heroines — the best and steadiest of them objects of impertinent gally, and indifferent, indeed unconscious, of the disrespect; radiant in dazzling toilettes, their heads adorned with 'Ode's

last madness, in the shape of a bonnet,' running from shop to shop, and for ever presenting cheques for their milliners' bills to subservient mankind, and shaping themselves inside and out into fascination with the sole view, as we gather, of *cartes blanches*, of flirting and idling, eating and drinking; with no thought but the present, with no joys but of sense; no griefs that may not be indulged in the depths of easy-chairs, or that are incompatible with an unbroken succession of picnics, operas, balls, and fine clothes — is *mischievous* and dangerous company. Apart from direct harm, or morality openly infringed, never was life made so poor a thing, or ambition so mean, or woman so mere a slave to luxury, so incapable of self-help or an independent existence, or of any pleasures or occupations that have not attentions and admiration — for their own sake, not for his who bestows them — and supremacy in show and parade, for their end and aim. It is impossible but that much reading of this sort must be injurious to young people, as tending to lower their ideas at once of the poetry, the dignity, and the purpose of life. Never was it more necessary than it is at present for their elders and advisers to point out to them what fiction is safe and even profitable relaxation, and what is harmful and degrading.

PEACE has exploded in Europe like a shell. It was not nineteen days since the vote of the Diet against Prussia gave the signal for the strife, not fifteen since Dresden was occupied, not seven since blood was actually shed, when, on the 5th inst., the *Moniteur* announced that Venetia had been ceded, that the Emperor of the French had been requested to act as mediator, and that he had accepted this high function. Yet within that short space of time, less than our own interregnum will last, the relentless energy of the Prussian Government, to which Count von Bismark is heart, Count von Moltke brain, and the Princes hands, has cleansed Northern Germany of its Princelings, defeated Austria in three engagements and one

immense pitched battle, exposed the hollowness of Austrian power, broken the reputation of General Benedek, released Venetia, elevated Prussia to the rank of the first military Power, and compelled every civilized State to commence the re-arming of its soldiers with a new and expensive weapon. The Ten Days' War has accomplished more than the War of Seven Years, and it would almost seem as if the terrible pace of human affairs had at last extended itself to military operations. If it has, the gain to humanity is indefinite, for the mighty changes still required may be accomplished with no loss save that of soldiers in the field. —

Spectator, 7th July.

From the Westminster Review.

BRIGANDAGE.

English Travellers and Italian Brigands. A Narrative of Capture and Captivity. By W. J. C. MOENS. London: 1866.

MR. MOENS's account of his captivity with the Italian brigands last year is well worth reading, not only for the interesting information it contains, but also as a curiosity in brigand literature. The subject of brigandage has been treated in a great number and variety of ways by artists, literary men, politicians, and social philosophers; but it has been reserved for our matter-of-fact age to produce a book in which it is regarded from the practical and business-like point of view of a "member of the Stock Exchange." Thirty years ago such a book would have an impossibility, for the simple reason, that in those days it would never have entered the head of a gentleman of Mr. Moens's profession to venture into "cette galère," the country round Naples, unless, indeed, he were a man of classic or artistic tastes, who had been forced by an adverse fate into the uncongenial atmosphere of Capel-court, and was glad of an opportunity to escape the tyranny of figures to the romantic and indolent land where he could indulge in his favorite pursuits undisturbed. Mr. Moens has no such amiable weakness. He chaffered with the brigands about his ransom with as much zest as if he were driving a bargain, and decidedly the most touching part of his book, is where he describes his delight at finding a scrap of newspaper, containing the last quotations in shares. But now-a-days we are so accustomed to anomalies of every kind, that even the singular and slightly ludicrous spectacle of a stockbroker among the brigands, excites scarcely any other feeling than that of curiosity, unless it be surprise at a "civis Romanus" having got into such a scrape. With both of these feelings, Mr. Moens, as a child of the age, fully sympathizes. To gratify the former he has written a full—a very full—true, and particular account of his adventures; and he shows his appreciation of the latter by severely blaming the Italian government for not having cleared the country of brigands years ago, "instead of leaving them alone till they carried off an Englishman."

If there is about Mr. Moens's book something of a City flavour, it must be admitted that it has also some of its City virtues. The often tedious minuteness with which he describes the events, many of them very

common-place of each day, at least shows that he is not an imaginative writer, who would throw in a touch here and there for effect, but that his only endeavour was conscientiously to describe everything he saw as he saw it. Being the very opposite of a romantic hero, he not only makes no pretension to appear in any such character, but does not scruple to relate many little incidents in which his realism and crotchets stand out in absurd contrast to the picturesque and unconventional life he led. It is very amusing, for instance, to observe how little, during the whole of the four months that he shared the wild existence of his captors, he adapted himself to the necessities of his position. On the second day of his captivity, he refuses a piece of sausage which is offered to him, because he thinks it looks indigestible, and is deservedly laughed at by the band, who tell him he will be glad to have it by-and-by. Soon he becomes less dainty, and finds himself reduced to consume such uninviting articles of food as the windpipe of a sheep, and the raw fat kept by the brigands for the purpose of greasing their boots; but all this hardship does not make him unmindful of the "proprieties;" and when supplies of food arrive for the starving brigands, he sorely tries their temper by attempting to peel a pear and carve a fowl, just as if he were seated comfortably at his own dinner-table. Very characteristic, too, are his attempts to convert the brigands by reading the Italian Testament to them and to persuade them that the death of one of the band by falling down a precipice was a "judgment" upon him for his sins. As for anything like a spirit of adventure, or a love for the hazardous and unforeseen, it seems to be quite foreign to Mr. Moens's character. His prudence and philosophy under insult will indeed appear to some more admirable than intelligible. The Brigands, who, though not ill-natured, were of course rough and ill-bred, seem soon to have perceived that he would put up with almost anything, and they treated him as their humour dictated accordingly. Mr. Moens constantly speaks of being "contemptuously tapped on the head," and "kicked awake," as if such little amenities were only the natural consequence of living with brigands. On one occasion, as he was lying down for the night, the captain put one leg over his chest, the only result of which was, that after a little grumbling, Mr. Moens "tried to forget all," and fell asleep. This is only to be matched by a still more outrageous incident described in the second volume. While Mr. Moens was one day washing his feet, a brigand struck him with

a stick because he did not perform his ablutions quickly enough. Mr. Moens "did not pay the slightest attention to him," and went on washing, the brigand striking him all the time. "I told him," our author adds, "it did not hurt me, and I supposed it amused him." When such incidents as these did not disturb his serene philosophy, it is not to be wondered at that he submitted in silence to having bones thrown in his face when he asked for food, and that a brigand prodding him in the back with his gun-barrel as he was ascending a mountain, only put him into a "pretended rage." The whole of Mr. Moens's conduct, in a word, is characterized by a desire to avoid all risk, and to trust in Providence and his friends for his liberation. He often tells us of thoughts of escape which occasionally crossed his mind, but these ideas never seem to have assumed a definite form. That many opportunities of escape must have presented themselves in a period of four months, the whole of which was passed in the open air and in constant flight from the pursuit of troops, is scarcely doubtful. One such opportunity is described by Mr. Moens. He was in a cave, guarded by three robbers, two of whom were asleep, and the third had gone away some two or three yards into the sun to take off his shirt for the purpose of freeing it from vermin. The guns of the sleeping men were within reach of his hand; the naked robber had left his at the mouth of the cave; there were no other brigands near, and close by was a path which led straight to an adjoining town. As Mr. Moens truly observes, "it was very tempting." All he had to do was to take possession of the guns, to disable the sleeping robbers, to keep the other at a respectful distance, and then to scamper off to the town as fast as his legs would carry him. Surely nothing could have been more justifiable than such a course. Mr. Moens is constantly telling us that his life was in imminent danger while he was in the hands of the brigands, and to wound, or even kill, one or two of them in an attempt to escape, would have been nothing but a simple act of self-defence. Mr. Moens, however, after anxiously debating the matter within himself, came to the conclusion that it would be a "cold-blooded murder," and took out his Prayer-book to "divert his mind," upon which he came across the passage: "Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O Lord!" which he thankfully accepted as an interposition of Providence to "guide him." We recommend this passage to the particular attention of the Peace Society. If they can get the world to interpret it as Mr. Moens did, the happy era of which

they dream, when the demon of war will be finally banished from the earth, will be a much more tangible reality than it has at present any chance of becoming.

From a man of Mr. Moens's peculiarly unromantic turn of mind, we can, of course only expect a description of the more ordinary and domestic incidents of brigand life; and this, which we do not find in the generality of books about brigands, he gives us in a very clear, straightforward, and unassuming way. So entirely, indeed, is his attention absorbed by matters connected with eating and drinking (which he admits, with much *naïveté* were highly interesting to him), that the descriptions of scenery in his book, give a much stronger impression of the writer's regard for creature comforts than his sense of the picturesque, which, considering that he is an amateur photographer, and therefore presumably something of an artist, may perhaps appear somewhat surprising. It is true that he tells us sometimes, in an incidental sort of way, that a scene is "most picturesque," or that it might "make a picture for Salvator Rosa;" but in general the interest he takes in scenery seems to be more of a topographical than an æsthetic kind. Perhaps, however, it is as well that we are spared any attempts at Ruskinism, seeing that the finest language at Mr. Moens's command seems to consist chiefly of a free use of superlatives—such as "the blackest clouds," "the sleekest little mouse," "the brightest black eyes," and so on. As it is, his two volumes are crowded with matter of a kind which cannot be of the slightest interest to any one but himself and his wife, whose diary, by the way, forms a considerable and totally superfluous portion of the book. The only very interesting passages—and they are really interesting—are those which illustrate the character and mode of life of the band. On the whole, these gentlemen seem to exercise their calling in a very civilized and business-like sort of a way. They had an ugly trick, it is true, of presenting their guns at their captive, and making him feel very uncomfortable by threatening to cut his ears off; but these were only passing ebullitions of ill-humour, when they had been for days without food, and generally they treated him as if he were one of themselves. Surely this was all that Mr. Moens had a right to expect, and it was somewhat unreasonable of him to complain of their greediness, when they refused to recognize his right to a double share "because Englishmen eat twice as much as Italians." They were somewhat addicted to gambling, in which, however, Mr. Moens,

scrupulous as he is, did not object to join, and he only refused to play any more because they would not pay him his winnings. Many of them were sufficiently well educated to be perfectly qualified for the franchise under Mr. Clay's system, and some, the captain especially, unusually quick at accounts. Mr. Moens was not very successful in his attempts to induce the brigands to tell him stories of their life. Most of them appear to have gone to the mountains after having committed one or two assassinations, or, as they call it, "homicides;" but, though very quick-tempered, they did not show any ferocity or blood-thirstiness. Their captain, who, judging by his portrait, was a mild, refined-looking man, seldom punished disobedience to his orders more severely than by a blow, and treated his captive with kindness and consideration. In the latter particular he was cheerfully seconded by most of the band. One of them, appropriately called *Generoso*, actually gave Mr. Moens his hood in a storm of rain, though the day before he had threatened to throw *Generoso* down a precipice. The only brigand who seemed to take a malicious pleasure in ill-treating him was a mischievous fellow called *Scope*, who so provoked Mr. Moens by his irrepressible habit of teasing, that he seldom speaks of him without applying to his name the somewhat strong epithet, for a gentleman of such strict evangelical principles, of "demon." This ill-conditioned bandit was evidently a great nuisance to Mr. Moens, and accordingly he is picked out for the unusual honour of a few lines of description. Before he joined the band, he worked in the fields; and, like some agricultural labourers in Italy and other countries, his nature was "most brutal." Mr. Moens adds, that "remorse for some fearful deed of murder was clearly written on his countenance;" but perhaps what Mr. Moens saw clearly when his faculties were sharpened by ill-treatment, would not have seemed so evident to other eyes. Of the other brigands we learn very little, except that they were a fine, healthy set of fellows, very dirty, very fond of jewellery, having bunches of gold chains as thick as an arm suspended across the breasts of their waistcoats, and dressed in long jackets with innumerable buttons and pockets, the latter containing cartridges, ball, gunpowder, knives, percussion-caps, shirts, bread, dirty bacon, cheese, and other miscellaneous articles. There were several ladies in the band, and about these Mr. Moens is somewhat more communicative. Much to his surprise, they were neither sanguinary nor savage; their dresses were the same as those of the

men, and they were armed with guns and revolvers. The handsomest of them was the "partner" (as Mr. Moens modestly puts it) of one of the captains. She was very greedy, though she sometimes gave the captives *confetti*, and was probably the lady Mr. Moens speaks of in another part of the book, as wearing twenty-four gold rings on her fingers at the same time. The others did not present any very marked peculiarities. One was sulky, another a "lotus-eyed damsel," and nearly all were very good-natured, and freely shared their food with the prisoner. The courage and patience under suffering of these women is astonishing. One of them, who had received a shot in the arm, which broke the bone in two, remained with the band for more than a week, during the whole of which time the wound remained open from the want of proper medical care. Notwithstanding this, she bore her atrocious sufferings without a murmur, and staggered along with the band, supported by two men, in all their weary night-marches over precipitous mountains, which the brigands themselves only ascended with great difficulty. At length she escaped to Salerno, and had her arm amputated. She refused chloroform, and during the operation the only sign of suffering she gave was to clench her teeth.

It is curious to contrast the business-like and somewhat cowardly and commonplace rascals described by Mr. Moens with the freebooters of earlier periods. Brigandage, in the form of piracy or highway robbery, has existed in almost every country in the infancy of its civilization; but it was never so formidable or extensive as in the Middle Ages, when the Scandinavian pirates conquered half Europe, and every feudal baron was what we would now call a brigand chief. That mysterious transition period of the world's history, when the utter darkness of barbarism was gradually giving way to the light of civilization, and all was unsettled and irregular, was eminently adapted to the reckless bravery, the ferocity, and the wild adventure of a freebooter's life. It is impossible to read some of the stories of the old sea-kings of Scandinavia without feeling admiration for the splendid daring and stoical disregard of life exhibited by those noblest and most romantic of robbers. Take the famous Norse legend of the thirty rovers of Jomsburgh, for instance, who were captured by Jarl Hakon, king of Norway, about the year 924. The king had determined to cut off the heads of all his captives, and appointed Thorkell Leire, one of the most famous of the Norwegian chieftains, to act as executioner. The Joms-

burgh men were made to sit down before the king on a log of wood, with their legs bound together by a rope. Osier twigs were twisted in their hair, and a slave stood behind each to keep his head steady. Soon three heads rolled to the ground before the mighty sweep of Thorkell's axe. Then, turning to the rest of the captives with a mocking smile, the Norwegian chief asked them what they thought of death. "I only beg of thee," said one, "to be quick over thy work. Thou knowest it is a question oft discussed at Jomsburgh, whether or not a man feels anything after losing his head. If, after my head is cut off, I throw this knife at thee, that will show that I retain some feeling; if I let it fall, it will prove the contrary. Now strike." Thorkell did as he was told; but no sooner was the man's head struck off than the knife fell to the ground from his powerless grasp. "Strike the blow in my face," said the next; "I will sit still without flinching. Watch my eyes, to see if I wink; for the rovers of Jomsburgh know how to meet the stroke of death without betraying any emotion." He kept his promise, and received the blow without winking his eyes. Then Sigurd, the son of Bui the Thick, a fine young man in the flower of his age, with long fair hair as fine as silk flowing in ringlets over his shoulders, thus addressed Thorkell: "I fear not death, but I must pray thee not to let my hair be touched by a slave, or stained with my blood." Upon this, one of Hakon's followers stepped forward and held Sigurd's head instead of the slave; but as Thorkell's battle-axe was whizzing through the air, Sigurd twitched his head forward so strongly that the axe passed him untouched, and cut off both the hands of the warrior who held him. The fierce Hakon was hugely delighted at this practical joke, and his son, Eirek, immediately loosed Sigurd from the rope. Thorkell, however, being determined not to be balked of his prey, now rushed with uplifted axe upon Vagn Akason, another of the captives; but the crafty sea-rover threw himself on the ground, so that Thorkell fell over him and cut the rope with his axe. Being thus freed from the bonds which held him, Vagn sprang up and cut down Thorkell with his own weapon. Eirek then asked Vagn whether he would accept life from his hands. "Willingly," was the reply, "provided thou wilt give it to all of us." Upon this the rope was loosened, and the twelve rovers who had escaped death returned to their native rocks. This Vagn was the most unruly and fierce of the Jomsburgh men. He

sought admittance to the piratical community when he was only twelve years old, and when their chief, the celebrated Palnatoki, refused his application on the ground of his youth, Vagn coolly replied that he was as strong as a youth of eighteen, and offered to fight the most famous of the rovers, Jarl Sigvald, in proof of his assertion. The challenge was accepted, and Vagn pressed his antagonist so closely with his battle-axe, that the chief was obliged to interfere to prevent Sigvald from being killed by the formidable boy-warrior. Another famous hero of the northern sagas was Harold Harfagra. This daring adventurer aimed at nothing less than the subjugation of the whole of Norway, and made a vow neither to comb nor cut his hair until he had attained his object. As, with all his courage, the task he had imposed upon himself took him several years to perform, his hair grew so long and thick that he was called Harold the Hirsute. When he became master of Norway, he took a bath, and had his hair combed and cut, which so much changed his appearance that he became known as Harold Harfagra, the fair-haired. Another Harold, even more famous than the above, is the one known in English history as Harold Hardrada. The chief scenes of his exploits were England, France, Sicily, and Northern Africa; and his banner was generally known by the appropriate name of the "Land Ravager." He was peculiarly successful in his attacks on fortified towns, which he generally contrived to reduce by some clever stratagem. Of these, one of the most singular was that which he employed when investing a town in Sicily. He ordered his fowlers to catch the small birds that had their nests in the town, and flew to the forest during the day in quest of food for their young. He then caused splinters of inflammable wood, smeared with wax and sulphur, to be fastened on their backs, and after setting these splinters on fire, let go the birds, who immediately flew to their innumerable nests under the thatched roofs of the houses in the town. The fire, of course, caught the thatch, and spread so quickly that in a very short time the whole of the town was in flames. Another stratagem of this famous sea-king was still more characteristic. While besieging a town, Harold fell ill, and a rumour soon spread that he was dead. Meanwhile the king had recovered, and he determined to take advantage of the rumour to obtain possession of the town. His men asked for a parley, and after informing the besieged that Harold was dead, begged that the clergy would allow his body to be

brought into the town and buried with due solemnity. This proposal was agreed to; a magnificent procession of monks and priests, with crosses, banners, and reliquaries, soon came out of the gates, and was met by the rovers bearing a splendid coffin. The procession, joined by the coffin-bearers, now moved towards the town; but no sooner were they within the gateway than the rovers set the coffin right across the entrance, placed a bar to keep the gate open, and sounded their trumpets. The whole army, with Harold at its head, then rushed into the town and massacred all the male inhabitants. One of the chief causes of the success of the sea-kings in their predatory excursions was their indifference to life. "We are cut to pieces with swords," says king Ragnar Lodbrok; "but this fills me with joy when I think of the feast that is preparing for me in Odin's palace. . . . A brave man fears not to die. . . . The hours of my life have passed away, I shall die laughing." Saxo Grammaticus, in describing a single combat, says: "One of the champions fell, laughed, and died"—an epitaph as eloquent as it is laconic. Another characteristic of the Northern rovers was a sort of temporary madness which came upon them while in the intoxication of a fight. When they had these fits they foamed at the mouth, and struck at everything around them, friends, foes, animals, trees and rocks. Those who are most subject to these attacks were called Berserkers, and while in this state they are said to have swallowed red-hot coals, and rushed into fire as if it were their native element.

There were heroines as well as heroes among the ancient Skalds. Alfild, daughter of Sigurd, king of Ostrogothia, who is said to have been as chaste as she was beautiful and brave, took sail with a number of her female companions to avoid a marriage which she disliked. These amazons of the northern seas were all dressed as men, and strongly armed. Shortly afterwards they met a band of pirates who had lost their chief, and who were so pleased with the courage of the princess that they placed her at their head. Alfild soon became famous as a successful rover, and the rumor of her exploits reaching Alf, the chief to whom she was to have been married, he determined to pursue her. The two fleets met in the Gulf of Finland. Alf, accompanied by one of his companions, jumped on to the ship of the princess, and a desperate hand-to-hand fight followed, in the course of which Alf's companion cut the princess's helmet in two, and exposed her pale features and

flowing hair to the astonished gaze of the two warriors. Being thus fairly conquered by her lover, Alfild gave him her hand, and one of her lady-companions became the wife of his friend. This rough kind of wooing found much favour with the daughters of the Vikings. Another princess, named Thorborge, always went completely armed from head to foot, and refused all the chiefs who had come to ask her hand, killing them if they persisted in their suit. At length a sea-king, named Rolf, found the way to her heart by imitating her own tactics. He laid siege to the fortress in which the heroine resided, and after a long and desperate contest both the lady and the garrison were obliged to yield. The old sagas are full of similar tales to the above. One legend tells us of a gallant warrior named Ale, who delivers a beautiful princess from the hands of a band of twelve pirates, all of whom he kills with his own hand, and afterwards marries her as the prize of his valour. More pathetic is the saga of Orvarodd, who, to free his mistress from the importunities of six brothers, fights the whole six at once, and falls in this unequal combat, not forgetting, however, to send a ring before he dies to his lady-love, who, on hearing the news, shares the fate of her lover. Another princess, no less romantic, when she was told that her lover had been condemned to death for having killed her brothers, who were opposed to their marriage, set fire to her palace, and perished in the flames with her women.

In their spirit of enterprise, their indifference to life, and the vast power they wielded, the sea-kings of old Norway have found worthy rivals among the more modern pirates of the Eastern seas. These pirates have now become much less numerous and formidable than formerly, but many men now living still remember the time when nearly the whole of the fertile islands of the Indian archipelago formed a vast piratical empire, ruled by pirate chiefs, and inhabited by men who combined the peaceful calling of fishermen, traders, and agriculturists, with the wild and adventurous life of freebooters. Their villages are described as being sweetly pastoral and picturesque in appearance, situated on the banks of broad rivers, with hundreds of pretty wooden houses surrounded by gardens. Women and children worked or played in the lofty balconies, and venerable old men, with long white beards and weather-beaten countenances, sat with a meditative air in the doorways. All the characters in this scene of domestic life were

either pirates or the families of pirates. A common ornament for the interior of one of those peaceful-looking houses was a festoon composed of human heads hanging from a string attached to the ceiling; and when the proper season arrived for one of their predatory excursions, a band of ruthless buccaneers, armed from head to foot, used to issue from this pleasant scene, and, after sailing through the richly cultivated and quiet country, land on some foreign shore where they spread death and desolation far and wide. Nor needed they fear any retaliation on the part of those whom they attacked, for in their island homes they were almost invincible. Their strongholds were usually placed in spacious lagoons, at all the exposed points of which were look-out houses, where people were stationed so as to be always ready to effect the escape of the piratical fleets from their pursuers. This was done in a most simple and effectual manner by means of "escapes"—*i.e.*, mangrove trees laid down in the swamp at an angle of 120 degrees, the open end being towards the sea. When the pirates wished to land, they drove their ships into one of these escapes, the sides of which were so slippery, and placed at so gradual an inclination, that the original impetus of the oars at once forced them high and dry on the beach, after which the men in the look-out houses drew them into the interior by ropes. This operation was so inconceivably rapid that the pirate-ships vanished as if by magic, just when their pursuers thought they were close upon them, and if the latter attempted to approach too near they were saluted by a discharge of round and grape from heavy brass guns, placed in battery, and so far within the dangerous jungle that attack was impossible. An amusing peculiarity of the Eastern pirates is that when they are about to fight they dress themselves in scarlet, with a shirt of mail, much in the same style as the stock pirate of our theatres. They are very devout, or rather superstitious, as brigands are in most countries; and in their contempt of death they are quite equal to their Norse predecessors. Sir James Brooke's account of the death of a Malay Panglima, or chief, shows this characteristic in a very striking light. Finding that he was surrounded by his enemies, the pirate determined not to die alone. With one hand he flourished his spear, and placing the other on the handle of his sword, he defied those collected about him. He danced his war-dance on the sand, his face became deadly pale, and his wild eyes glared. Suddenly one of his enemies leapt

forward and struck a spear through his back with such force that it came out at his breast. The wound was of course mortal; but the Panglima, collecting in one supreme effort all that remained of the life that was ebbing out of his body, rushed forward with his spear and thrust it at the breast of his assailant. The impulse was not, however, sufficient to make the weapon enter, and the Panglima fell to the ground, his spear only leaving his hand when life was completely extinct.

In the early part of the eighteenth century the scourge of piracy spread to China, and the Chinese pirates of that time, called *Ladrones*, fully justified the reputation for eccentricity which is possessed by their countrymen. They had a very large fleet, and soon grew so powerful that their chief, Ching, at length aspired to nothing less than the reversal of the Tartar dynasty, and the proclamation of himself as Emperor. His ambitious projects, however, were rendered nugatory by his death, which took place during a storm in which he was shipwrecked. His widow then assumed the command of the pirate squadron, and appointed one of her captains, named Paou, who had managed to secure her good graces, her lieutenant and prime minister. This enterprising lady and her lieutenant then drew up a code of laws for the pirates, in which, among other things, it was stipulated that any one leaving his ship without leave was to have his ears slit in presence of the whole fleet, and that all booty should be equally divided among the men, any one taking more than his share being punished with death. There was also the curious stipulation that no pirate was to pay his addresses (in pirate fashion, be it understood) to a captive woman without the permission of the ship's purser, or in any other place than the ship's hold. All violence to women was to be punished with death, as also the capture of goods from poor people without paying for them. These regulations were strictly executed, and made the widow Ching's fleet very popular among the common people in China. The pirates were looked upon as a highly moral and civilized body, and although they plundered every vessel they came near, this was not termed robbery, but merely "a transshipping of goods." Paou, the widow's lieutenant, is spoken of as a sort of Homeric hero by the Chinese historians. Once, landing on the coast with several of his men, he found a colossal image in a temple, which he lifted with ease, although the united efforts of the men who accompanied him failed even to

move it. He then carried the statue on board his ship, much to the alarm of his crew, who feared the vengeance of the god whose image had been so irreverently treated. Shortly after, Paou had an encounter with a redoubtable mandarin named Kwolang-lin. The battle lasted from morning till night, and Kwolang-lin, finding it was turning against him, levelled a gun at Paou, who fell on his deck as the piece went off. This, however, was only a stratagem; Paou soon stood up again, and so frightened his opponents, who thought he was a spirit, that they lost heart, and were easily beaten. Among the prisoners was the mandarin. Paou generously offered the old man his liberty, notwithstanding the ugly trick he had tried to play him; but Kwolang-lin would accept no favours from his conqueror. He seized Paou by the hair on the crown of his head, and grinned at him, thinking that this insult would provoke Paou to kill him; but finding that the pirate was high-minded enough to take no notice, he made a sudden movement, and then threw himself into the sea. Such acts of magnanimity, however, were rare among the Ladrões. It was their common practice to put their prisoners to death, and when they took a town by assault, they were paid ten dollars out of the common fund for every Chinaman's head they produced. On one such occasion a pirate was seen with two heads which he had cut off, tied by their tails, and slung around his neck. They were very dirty, as is the case with all freebooters, and an Englishman (Mr. Glaspool) whom they once took prisoner, complains bitterly of having been obliged to live for three weeks on caterpillars boiled with rice. They were much addicted to gambling — also a favourite brigand pastime — and spent all their leisure hours at cards and in smoking opium.

By far the most daring of the pirates of the East, however, were Englishmen. The former quality was possessed in an extraordinary degree by the notorious Captain Davis, whose capture of the fort at Gambia is a memorable achievement in piratic annals. On arriving off the African coast, he ordered all his men below, except those who were absolutely required to work his vessel, so as to lead the men at the fort to believe she was only a trader. He then ran under the fort and cast anchor, after which he ordered the boat to be manned with six men dressed like the foremast-men of a merchant's ship, and rowed ashore in it, accompanied by the master and doctor, all three in the disguise of merchants. On reaching land, the party

was conducted by a file of musketeers into the fort, and were received with great politeness by the governor, who inquired what they were and whence they came. They replied that they were from Liverpool, and bound for the river Senegal, to trade for gum and elephants' teeth, but that they had been chased by two French men-of-war, and had narrowly escaped capture. Davis added that they would be glad to dispose of their cargo at the fort in exchange for slaves, and it chiefly consisted of iron and plate, which were in great demand at the station. The governor agreed to give them slaves for their cargo, and asked if they had any European liquor on board. They answered that they had a little for their own use, but that he should have a hamper of it. This offer so pleased the governor, that he asked the whole party to dinner. Davis accepted the invitation, at the same time remarking that as he was commander of the vessel it would be necessary for him to go down to see if she was properly moored, and to give some other directions; but that his companions might stay, and that he would return before dinner, and bring the hamper with him. During the whole of the time he was in the fort he carefully examined all its weak points, and especially the places where the arms were kept. He discovered that most of these were piled up in a corner in a guard-house, before which there was a sentry, and that some more were stowed away in the governor's hall. Upon arriving on board of his ship, he ordered his men to be ready for action when he hoisted the flag from the walls, and warned them not to take too much liquor, after which he returned to the castle, accompanied by a few of the pirates, each armed with two pairs of pistols concealed under his clothes. These he ordered to go into the guard-room and fall into conversation with the soldiers there, adding, that when the moment for action arrived, he would fire a pistol out of the governor's window, upon which they were to shut up the soldiers and secure the arms. On arriving at the castle, Davis found the governor alone in his room, overflowing with hospitality and good-fellowship. Dinner was not ready, and the governor proposed they should make a bowl of punch to while away the time; but Davis, seeing his opportunity, presented a pistol to the breast of his astonished host, telling him at the same time that he was a dead man unless he would surrender the fort and all that it contained. The governor, being unarmed and without assistance, had no choice but to submit; upon which Davis fired his pistol out of the

window. Instantly the pirates in the guard-room secured the soldiers, took possession of the arms and hung out the black flag. The men from the vessel then rushed into the fort, and a few minutes afterwards were in full possession of it, without the slightest bloodshed or disorder. After staying a few days at the castle, during which period they dismounted the guns and demolished the fortifications, the pirates departed, loaded with booty, and accompanied by some of the garrison, who had volunteered to share their adventurous life. Davis did not live long, however, to enjoy the fruits of his triumph. Shortly after, as he was nearing the Isle of Princes, he attempted to play a similar stratagem on the Portuguese. On approaching the coast, he hoisted English colours, and was accordingly piloted into port, with all the honours due to an English man-of-war. After staying a short time in the island to refit, he invited the governor and the wealthiest of the inhabitants to dine on board his ship, intending to put them in irons when they arrived there, and only to liberate them on payment of a large ransom. Unfortunately for the success of his plan, a negro whom Davis had taken into his confidence swam ashore on the night previous to the day on which the dinner was to take place, and informed the governor of his danger. This intelligence set the whole garrison on the alert; the troops were ordered out and placed in the most advantageous situations, and the night was passed in strengthening the defences of the place. Shortly after daybreak, the pirates landed, and marched towards the fort; but they met with such a warm reception that they were soon obliged to retire, taking with them their commander, who was mortally wounded by a musket-ball. As they were rowing towards their ship, Davis, though in his dying agonies, lifted himself out of the boat where he lay, and fired a last pistol-shot at his pursuers, thus appropriately ending his desperate career.

The audacity of the British pirates was only equalled by their ferocity, to which it would be difficult to find a parallel among the most savage and uncivilized nations. Among those who particularly distinguished themselves by this species of moral insanity were Captains Low and Teach. Low was a Londoner, and his taste for piracy was exhibited at a very early age. It is said that when a boy he used to levy contributions among his companions, and that if any of them refused, a fight was the result. His first exploit was to shoot at his captain because the latter ordered him on an expedition

just as Low was about to have his dinner. He then set up as a pirate, and was remarkably successful in his captures, chiefly on account of the terror he inspired. Once he captured a French ship, and being in want of provisions, he offered to the governor of a French port to give her up provided he would send him a supply. The provisions were sent, and Low liberated the crew, but declined to give up the vessel on the ground that there was a very stout cook on board, who, being a greasy fellow ought to fry well. He then had the unfortunate man bound to the mast, and set the ship on fire. Still more atrocious was his conduct towards the captain and crew of a Portuguese ship which he had captured. Having heard that there was a large sum of money on board, he searched all over the vessel, but without success, upon which he ordered the crew to be put to the torture in order to make them say where the treasure was concealed. It then came out that the captain had, during the chase, hung the bag containing the money out of his cabin-window, and that when the pirates came on board, he had cut the rope, and the bag had fallen into the sea. This put Low into such a frenzy that he immediately ordered the captain's lips to be cut off and broiled before his eyes, after which both he and the crew were murdered. The cruelty of this singular ruffian did not, however, always require so much provocation. He would murder a man out of simple exuberance of spirits, and when he was in the best of humours. One thing only is recorded to his credit: he never ill-treated his own countrymen. The only instance in which he fled from the pursuit of a man-of-war was when it was manned by English sailors; and once when he captured a brigantine of which the crew were one-half English and one-half Portuguese, he hanged the latter, and allowed the English to go where they pleased.

Teach, better known in the West Indies as Black Beard, was a grotesque villain, who delighted in a sort of picturesque ruffianism that made him the admiration as well as the terror of the country in which he committed his depredations. The *sobriquet* by which he was known was derived from a black beard of extraordinary length, which covered nearly the whole of his face, and which he used to twist into numberless small tails. When in action he had three brace of pistols slung across his shoulders, and lighted matches stuck under his hat, which illumined his dusky face and fierce eyes with an unearthly glare, and, together with his bristling beard and wild gestures, made up a picture that few could look upon without

fear. From time to time he would land for the purpose of holding a "council." On these occasions, seated under a wild fig-tree, with his band surrounding him, he would consult them about his plans, punish those who had broken the rules of the band, and reward the bravest and most enterprising. He had a harem of fourteen wives, whom he treated with such brutality that even his crew were horror-struck at his conduct. None of them, however, dared to whisper a word of remonstrance, for they knew his despotic temper, and believed him to be armed with supernatural power which enabled him to do anything he wished. Those of his companions who were taken alive in his last battle used to relate how once, upon a cruise, they found they had a stranger on board; how this stranger was seen for several days among them, sometimes below, sometimes on deck, although none of the crew could say who he was, or whence he came; and how at last he disappeared in the same mysterious manner as he had come, and all of them religiously believed it was the devil. The belief that Black Beard was in communication with the Spirit of Evil was still further strengthened by another incident which well paints the grotesque extravagance of the man. Being one day at sea, and a little flushed with drink, "Come," said he, "let us make a hell of our own, and try how long we can bear it." He then went down, with some of his men, into the hold, and, after shutting down the hatches, filled several tubs with sulphur and other combustible materials, which he set on fire, thus literally involving himself and his men in fire and brimstone; after which he danced about the hold with oaths and frantic gestures, apparently not in the least affected by the choking vapour which filled the air, until his companions, fainting and nearly suffocated, compelled him to release them. His convivial humour was of a similar kind. In one of his drunken fits, while seated in his cabin at dinner, he blew out the candles, cocked his pistols, and crossing his hands, fired on each side at his companions, one of whom received a shot which maimed him for life. This story he used to tell himself with great glee, adding that, "if he did not now and then kill one of his men, they would forget who he was." The account of the capture and death of this eccentric robber is not the least interesting part of his history. Two sloops, under the command of Lieutenant Maynard, an officer of the British navy, came up with him one evening as he was lying in a bay near Bermuda. They did not venture to attack him in the night, and

therefore anchored at the entrance of the bay. Meanwhile Black Beard, who was perfectly well aware of his danger, passed the night in carousing with his men. One of them having asked him whether in case any thing should happen to him during the engagement, his wife should not be told where he had buried his money, he answered that nobody but himself and the devil knew where it was, and the longest liver should take all. In the morning Maynard weighed anchor, hoisted the English colours, and made towards Black Beard. Upon this the pirate called out to him to say who he was, and whence he came. "You may see from our colours," was the reply. Black Beard then asked Maynard to send his boat on board, that he might see who he was. Maynard, with characteristic pluck, answered: "I cannot spare my boat, but I will come on board of you as soon as I can with my sloop." On hearing this, Black Beard took a glass of liquor and drank to him, saying, "I will give no quarter, nor take any from you." Maynard retorted that he expected no quarter from him, nor should he give him any. Meanwhile the sloops approached the pirate, and one of them received a broadside from him which killed or wounded twenty of his crew. Maynard, finding that his sloop would soon come up with the pirate's ship, ordered all his men below, he and the man at the helm alone remaining on deck. At the same time he ordered the men to take their pistols and cutlasses, so as to be ready for action at his call. Seeing that there were scarcely any hands on deck as the sloop approached him, the pirate exclaimed,—"They are all knocked on the head except three or four; let us jump on board, and cut to pieces those that are alive." Black Beard then boarded the sloop with fourteen of his men, Maynard at the same time calling out to his crew, who instantly rushed on deck. Black Beard and the lieutenant exchanged shots, and the pirate was wounded, after which they engaged each other with their swords. Unfortunately the sword of the lieutenant broke, but he was rescued by one of his men, who gave Black Beard a terrible wound in the neck. A desperate *mêlée* ensued, in which both sides fought with such vigour that the sea all round the vessels was soon dyed with blood. The pirate, after receiving twenty wounds, at length fell dead while he was in the act of cocking his pistol. His men then surrendered, and were taken prisoners by Maynard's crew. It afterwards came out that Black Beard had placed a negro with a match at the door of the powder magazine in his ship, with in-

structions to set light to the powder directly the king's men came on board, the pirate having determined to involve himself and his opponents in one common ruin rather than be taken alive.

Not only were the courage and ferocity of the English pirates but little inferior to those of the skalds and berserkers of ancient Norway, but they had among them female pirates who were worthy rivals of the Norwegian princesses sung by the sagamen. Of these, the most famous was Mary Read. This woman was the illegitimate daughter of the wife of a sailor, who passed her off as her deceased son in order to continue to draw the allowance which had been given for him by her husband's relations.

Subsequently Mary Read, who had acquired manly tastes under her disguise, engaged on board a man-of-war; but the orderly life of the king's navy soon became irksome to her, and she enlisted in a cavalry regiment in Flanders. Here she fell in love with one of her comrades, who, on discovering her sex, made her an offer of marriage. The two troopers were duly united in presence of several of the officers, who provided them with clothes and money. This enabled them to procure their discharge, and shortly after they took a public-house, and had a great run of business. Mary's husband died, however, after they had been married a few months; her business then declined, and she enlisted in an infantry regiment quartered in one of the frontier towns. But meanwhile peace had been proclaimed, and Mary, finding there was no prospect of promotion, and being tired of a garrison life, went on board a vessel bound for the West Indies. This ship was captured by pirates, who accepted Mary's offer to join their band. She soon obtained a reputation for being one of the bravest and most resolute fighters of the whole crew, and she gave abundant evidence of her courage and presence of mind on many occasions. Once she became strongly attached to a young artist, who had been taken prisoner by the pirates. Her lover having quarrelled with one of the crew, they agreed to fight a duel on shore. Mary, though extremely anxious for the safety of her lover, could not endure the idea of his refusing to fight, and thus exposing himself to the imputation of being a coward. At last she hit upon a very ingenious expedient for avoiding the difficulty. She quarrelled with the man who had challenged her lover, and arranged so as to fight him two hours before the first duel was to take place. The result was that the

challenger was run through the body with her sword, and both the honour and life of her lover were saved.

The celebrated adventurers who were known as Buccaneers in the seventeenth century, although they were somewhat more respectable than pirates, were quite equal to them in daring, and were scarcely more scrupulous in their regard for life and property. Originally they were shipowners and merchants, who made war on the Spaniards in the West Indies on their own account, to revenge themselves for the ill-treatment and obstruction to trade which they had suffered at their hands. The enterprises of the buccaneers were afterwards connived at by the maritime States of Europe, most of whom had a grudge against Spain for her domineering pretensions in the American seas. The "brethren of the coast," as the buccaneers called themselves, were held together by a code of laws and regulations. By this code every member of the body had his chosen and declared comrade, with whom he shared his property while they lived together, and when one of the two died, the other succeeded to whatever he possessed. All the booty taken by the buccaneers went to a common fund, from which shares were paid to each man according to his rank. Money was also given out of this fund to those who were wounded or maimed. The amount payable for the loss of a right arm was 600 pieces of eight, or six slaves; for a left arm or right leg, 500 pieces of eight, or five slaves; for a left leg, 400 pieces of eight, or four slaves; for an eye or a finger, 100 pieces of eight, or one slave. They professed a great respect for religion and honour, although the way in which they showed it was somewhat peculiar. Thus one of their captains shot a buccaneer in a church for behaving irreverently during the performance of mass. Ravenau de Lussan became a buccaneer in order to pay his debts, which, it is said, he did to the last penny. No bolts or locks were allowed on the buccaneers' ships, because such fastenings were held to imply a doubt of "the honour of their vocation."

One of the earliest and most celebrated of the buccaneers was Pierre, of Dieppe, otherwise called "Pierre le Grand," who, like Julius Cæsar, has left us an account of his exploits, in which he always speaks of himself in the third person. The achievement which made him famous was the capture of the Vice-Admiral of the Spanish fleet. We will quote his own narrative of this bold adventure:—

"The boat wherein Pierre le Grand was with his companions had been at sea a long time, without any prize worth his taking, and their provisions beginning to fail, they were in danger of starving. When they were almost reduced to despair, they espied a great ship of the Spanish *flota*, separated from the rest. This vessel they resolved to take, or die in the attempt. Hereupon they sailed towards her to view her strength, and though they judged the vessel to be superior to theirs, yet their covetousness, and the extremity they were reduced to, made them venture. Being come so near that they could not possibly escape, they made an oath to their captain, Pierre le Grand, to stand by him to the last. It is true, the pirates believed they would find the ship unprovided to fight, and therefore be able the sooner to master her. It was in the dusk of the evening that they began the attack. But before they engaged, they ordered the surgeon of the boat to bore a hole in the sides of it, that their own vessel sinking under them, they might be compelled to attack more vigorously, and endeavour more hastily to board the ship. This was done accordingly; and without any other arms than a pistol in one hand, and a sword in the other, they immediately climbed up the sides of the ship, and ran all together into the great cabin, where they found the captain, with several of his companions, playing at cards. Here they set a pistol to his breast, commanding him to deliver up the ship. The Spaniards, surprised to see the pirates on board of their ship, cried: 'Jesus, bless us! Are these devils, or what are they?' Meanwhile some of them took possession of the gun-room, and seized the arms, killing as many as made any opposition. Whereupon the Spaniards presently surrendered. That very day the captain of the ship had been told by some of the seamen that the boat which was in view cruising was a boat of pirates, when the captain slightly answered, 'What then? Must I be afraid of such a pitiful thing as that is? No, though she were a ship as big and as strong as mine is.' As soon as Pierre le Grand had taken this rich prize, he detained in his service as many of the common seamen as he had need of, setting the rest ashore, and then set sail for France, where he continued without ever returning to America again."

Another Frenchman, François L'Olonnais, was distinguished among the buccaneers for his cruelty as well as his successes. He had 650 men under him, took five towns, from the inhabitants of which he extorted immense sums by way of ransom, and captured ships laden with cargoes of great value. His depredations, like those of the other buccaneers, were chiefly exercised upon the Spaniards, to whom he bore a private grudge. Being once on a cruise near the village of Los Cayos, the inhabitants, fearing lest he should attack them, hastily sent to the governor of the Havana for assistance. The

governor sent a ship with ten guns and ninety men, and told the crew not to return until they had totally destroyed the pirates. He also sent with them a negro, who was to serve as executioner, and had strict orders to hang all of the pirates except L'Olonnais, who was to be brought alive to the Havana. On arriving at Los Cayos, the ship was attacked by L'Olonnais with such vigour that the crew were soon driven by the pirates under the hatches and forced to surrender. L'Olonnais then ordered them to be brought up one by one, and as each appeared on deck he cut off his head with his own hand. When the negro came up he begged for mercy, and confessed that he had been sent by the governor as hangman of the ship. But L'Olonnais was inexorable. He murdered every man of the crew but one, whom he sent with the following message to the governor:—"I shall never henceforward give quarter to any Spaniard whatsoever, and I have great hopes I shall execute on your own person the very same punishment as I have upon them you sent against me. Thus have I retaliated the kindness you designed for me and my companions." L'Olonnais strictly kept his word. Whenever he captured a Spaniard he put him to torture, and unless he was paid a large ransom, cut his captive to pieces with his hanger, and pulled his tongue out. Having had a skirmish with a body of Spaniards as he was marching to attack the town of St. Pedro, he killed all the wounded, and asked the prisoners whether there was any other way to the town than that which he was pursuing, as the latter was very favourable for ambuscades. The prisoners answered that they knew of none; which so enraged L'Olonnais that he drew his cutlass, cut open the breast of one of them, and pulling out his heart, began to gnaw it with his teeth, saying: "I will serve you all alike if you do not show me another way." This so frightened the other prisoners that they offered to lead him to another road, which, however, was extremely precipitous, and finding that it was impracticable for his army, L'Olonnais stormed and raved like a madman, exclaiming—"Mortdieu! les Espagnols me le paieront." At length he reached the town, took it after an obstinate defence, and laid it in ashes, after massacring the inhabitants and plundering them of all their valuables. This ruthless savage died a death as horrible as that which he was accustomed to procure for his captives. Having been abandoned by his crew, he landed on the coast of Darien, and was taken prisoner by some Indians, who tore him in pieces

alive, throwing his body limb by limb into the fire, and his ashes into the air. "Thus," says the buccaneer Esquemeling, from whom we have chiefly taken the incidents above related, "ends the history of the life and miserable death of that infernal wretch L'Olonnais, who, full of horrid, execrable, and enormous deeds, and debtor to so much innocent blood, died by cruel and butcherly hands, such as his own were in the course of his life."

A Welshman, named Morgan, was the worthy rival of L'Olonnais. Like his French predecessor, he took and plundered several towns, and exercised shocking cruelties on his captives. He had great military and administrative ability, and even aspired to form a buccaneering empire in the West Indies, with himself at its head. One of the most celebrated of his exploits was his defeat of three Spanish men-of-war, which had been sent after him in the Gulf of Maracaibo. He fitted up one of his vessels as a fire-ship, in which were stuck logs of wood dressed with hats on to look like men, and which was made to appear in every way like an ordinary vessel. Following close in the rear of this mute crew, he saw two of the Spanish men-of-war blown up, and he took the third. Shortly afterwards he conceived the ambitious project of taking the city of Panama. He advanced on the town at the head of twelve hundred men, but before reaching it was met by a large body of Spaniards, preceded by herds of wild bulls, which they drove upon the adventurers to disorder their ranks. The buccaneers, however, who had often hunted these animals, were in no way disconcerted by this attack, and after a long battle, which lasted a day and a night, they made themselves masters of the city. Morgan here obtained so much booty that he withdrew quietly from the command, and proceeded to England, where he soon got into great favour with Charles II. and his ministers, was made a knight, and afterwards returned to the scenes of his former exploits as governor of Jamaica, where he assiduously hunted down most of his old associates. His presence at the court of King Charles had made buccaneering fashionable in England, and many "young bloods" of good position and abilities, such as Dampier, Sharp, and Cowley, went out as leaders of predatory expeditions in the South Seas. There was not enough harmony among them, however, to enable them to secure any permanent footing, and buccaneering was finally extinguished at the end of the seventeenth century, when a Bourbon prince ascended the throne of Spain, and the tacit support

of the British and French governments was withdrawn from the buccaneers.

We have seen that the buccaneers exercised their depredations both on sea and land, like the ancient Norwegians and the more modern Malays; and it is more than probable that their exploits would have been very insignificant if they had confined their operations to the land only. There is a freedom and wild independence about the life of a pirate which are denied to the landsman, and which, as a rule, must always lift the freebooter on the sea high above his brother on the land in most of the nobler qualities of human nature. To this rule, however, there are some striking exceptions. The robber tribes among the Afghans, who plunder and murder any one they meet without scruple, treat all women, whatever may be their nation, with chivalrous respect, and allow any traveller who hires an escort from among them to pass through their country with perfect security. At the same time they are so rapacious that they do not scruple to attack funeral processions and detain the corpse until a ransom is paid for it. Similar traits are related of other tribes of robbers in India, such as the Bheels, the Rohillas, and the ancient Pindarries. The Pindarries, who were once the terror of India, where they were in the habit of devastating whole provinces, were led by chiefs of extraordinary courage and audacity. One of them, named Cheetoo, baffled the pursuit of our troops for nearly two years, and at length died a terrible death in a jungle where he sought shelter. The jungle was infested by tigers, by which he was devoured alive.

Returning to Europe, we find the Norman depredators succeeded by pirates almost equally formidable, who, issuing from the state formed by Barbarossa in the sixteenth century, ravaged the territories on the European shore of the Mediterranean. These freebooters retained their possessions on the northern coast of Africa for nearly three centuries, defying the efforts of some of the principal nations of Europe to dislodge them, until at length they were crushed by the French, and their piratical empire was converted into the still turbulent and rebellious colony of Algeria. They presented no marked characteristics, and the fierceness and reckless daring of their kind was not in their case tempered by any nobler qualities. For a truly characteristic figure of the good old type we must go to the beginning of the present century, when, in consequence of the anarchy produced by the wars of Napoleon in Germany,

several bands of brigands infested the Palatinate. Among these was the famous Schinder-Hannes, the robber of the Rhine. His real name was John Buckler, and he began his predatory career by spending in a jollification with his comrades, some money which his master, a publican, had given him to buy brandy. He then took to sheep-stealing, but was caught in the act, arrested, and thrown into prison. He soon escaped, however, and went to the mountains, where he joined Finck and Black Peter, the captains of two bands of daring outlaws. Soon after he was again arrested for stealing a horse, and again escaped from his prison by breaking through a wall; but the authorities were this time on the alert. They captured him in another part of the country, and confined him in a dungeon in the strong tower of Simmern. It was not strong enough, however, to prevent his escaping a third time. By means of a broken knife he contrived to remove a board in the wall of his dungeon, whence creeping into an outer room, he wrenched the iron bars from the window, and leapt down to the ground from a considerable height. As he was descending he loosened a heavy stone, which fell after him, wounding him severely in the leg. Notwithstanding this, he managed to crawl in the dark to a neighbouring forest, in which he lay concealed for two days without food. On the third day he discovered the house of one of his old associates, where he soon recovered, and organized a fresh band. Being young, handsome, and clever, he soon obtained considerable influence, not only over his companions, but also over the fair sex, who rendered him a great deal of assistance in the execution of his plans. A girl named Julia Bläsius accompanied him, dressed as a man, in most of his expeditions, and was devotedly attached to him. The bands not only broke into private houses, but attacked whole villages, carrying away with them everything of value they could lay their hands on. The special objects of their attack were Jews, who were at that time considered fair game even by honest men. At Merzheim the magistrate actually pointed out a house to Schinder-Hannes, which, he said, was the residence of a Jew of great wealth, and the hint was, of course, not lost on the robber, who at once plundered the house without the slightest opposition on the part of the authorities. Once, being in a jocular mood, Schinder-Hannes stopped a large caravan of Jews, and ordered them all to take off their shoes and stockings. The Jews having tremblingly obeyed, the robber and his companions mixed the shoes and stock-

ings together with their gun-stocks, so as to make it extremely difficult for their owners to pick out those that belonged to them. After having done this to his satisfaction, "Now then, Jews," said Schinder-Hannes, "take every one of you his own stockings and his own shoes, put them on, and decamp instantly. Be honest if you can, and take no one's things but your own. I will shoot every one of you that takes another man's shoe or another man's stocking. Quick! quick! he is a dead man who is the last to be fitted to his own, as sure as my name is Schinder-Hannes!" and he and his followers levelled their muskets at the bare-footed and bewildered Jews. This threat nearly bereft the unfortunate men of their senses, and they all threw themselves together on the heap by the road-side, scrambling for their shoes and stockings, and scratching and abusing one another in their hurry and impatience. After Schinder-Hannes had amused himself for a while with this ludicrous sight, he walked off with his comrades, laughing heartily. This and similar incidents, combined with the wonderful escapes and expeditions of Schinder-Hannes, made him a sort of popular hero. He was believed to be invincible, and walked about with his hands in the streets of the Rhenish towns with perfect impunity, no one daring to touch them. The restoration of peace, however, between France and Austria introduced a more stringent administration in the Rhine provinces, and Schinder-Hannes, finding his occupation gone, enlisted as a soldier. Soon afterwards he was betrayed by a peasant and executed.

The name of brigand, though it applies to every description of freebooter, is usually restricted to the robbers of Spain, Italy, and Greece. In all of these countries the brigand has very much degenerated, especially in Spain, where he is now little more than an ordinary footpad. The typical hero of the Spanish bandits, like that of the German robbers, belongs to the beginning of the present century. His name was Jose Maria de Hinojosa, and he began his career as a robber in 1823. He was originally a small farmer, but he soon got tired of agriculture, and took to smuggling; the authorities, however, discovered his new pursuit, and a body of troops was sent to capture him. Being surprised in a house near Moron, he leapt out of a window, scaled a wall, and finding on the other side a soldier and a mounted officer, wounded the one, and killed the other; he then vaulted into his vacant saddle and galloped up a hill, where, being out of reach of the musketry

of his pursuers, he paused, reloaded his guns, and determined to make for Ronda. In the saddle of the officer he had killed he found a sum of money, which enabled him to form a small band of companions. With these he wandered about the mountains of Andalusia, exercising for ten years a more absolute sway than the king himself, who at last was obliged to take him into his pay. He moved about with such marvellous rapidity that the country people credited him with supernatural powers, and whenever he appeared in a village all the inhabitants used to turn out to gaze at him with a kind of admiring awe. His appearance is described by eye-witnesses as grand and imposing. Though short in stature, his figure was compact and square; his body was somewhat large for his legs, which were slightly bowed, indicating strength and activity; his left hand had been shattered by the accidental discharge of his gun, a wound cured by himself during twenty-five days passed always on horseback; his lips were thin, compressed, and marked by a determined expression; his eyes grey, with a look of good-nature when he was pleased, but soon relapsing into an uneasy, twinkling, hawk-like cast of suspicion. His dress was plain compared with that of his comrades, who glittered with embroidery and shining ornaments. He wore tight-fitting breeches of silk net, studded with rows of conical silver buttons; his gaiters were of the richest Ronda embroidery; his sash was of purple silk, and his broad chest was decorated with silver images of the Virgen de los Dolores of Cordova, and the holy Veronica of Jaen. He had a famous horse, which he called "Mohina," and whose ugliness and endurance were equally extraordinary. The equipment of this animal was black, embroidered with white, and its high-peaked saddle was covered with a fleece dyed blue. On each side of the saddle hung Jose's two blunderbusses, which next to his horse, were what he cared for most. He slept little, and always armed and apart from his band, to whom he would not permit any familiarity; a man of few words, he exacted immediate obedience to his orders, and never imparted his plans or allowed them to be questioned. On the other hand, he secured the attachment and respect of his men by always being the foremost in danger, carefully attending to all their fancies and wants, and distributing the plunder with strict impartiality. Jose Maria was very courteous to travellers, especially ladies, whom he treated with the gallantry of a Claude Duval, and he often bestowed on the poor

what he took from the rich. All his expeditions were on a large scale, and he had a sovereign contempt for petty larceny and footpads. To those who paid him black mail he gave a sort of passport which secured travellers from the attack of any of the bands under him. He did not long enjoy the pay of the King of Spain, for in one of his first expeditions in his majesty's service he was shot dead by the leader of a band of thieves of whom he was in pursuit.

The description given by Huber, in his "Skizzen aus Spanien," of an adventure with a band of robbers known as "the seven children of Ecija," is eminently characteristic of the robber-scenes which might have been witnessed in many parts of Spain some thirty years ago. A caravan of travellers, passing along the high road between Ecija and Carmona, are suddenly stopped before a farm-house, about two leagues from the latter town, by a horseman, who, galloping out from a wood of olives on the side of the road, calls out to them to halt. "Now the devil is loose! these are the children," mutters the Mayoral, who acts as guide to the caravan. "What is the matter, Caballero? what are your orders?" The horseman then claims a portion of the money possessed by the travellers, of the exact amount of which he seems to be thoroughly well informed. To this the Mayoral demurs, and one of the travellers fires his musket at the brigand, but misses him. "A miserable shot," cries the horseman; after which he gallops away about two hundred paces, stops suddenly, and, his horse standing as firm as a wall, discharges his long firelock at the imprudent traveller, who sinks to the ground. Four more horsemen now come out of the wood; shots are exchanged on both sides, and the robbers, who aim chiefly at the mules, gallop after every shot across the field, in order to load at leisure out of the reach of their antagonists. At length the travellers, finding resistance useless, obey the summons of the bandits to lie down with their faces on the ground; but while the robbers are turning out their pockets, the well-known cry of "In the name of the king and the constitution, deliver yourselves!" is heard, and a troop of horsemen, coming up, fall upon the bandits, two of whom are cut down and a third captured. Pedro, the chief of the "children," runs into the farm-house, barricading the doors behind him; upon which the soldiers go to the back of the building to guard all the outlets by which he might escape, leaving their officer at the door by which he entered.

The officer then summons the brigand to surrender. Immediately the door flies open, and Pedro, with his cocked musketoon in his hand, threatens to shoot the officer unless he will let him pass. The latter, though only armed with a sabre, rushes on his antagonist; Pedro pulls the trigger; the gun misses fire, and the brigand falls to the ground with his skull cleft in two. The peasants then come to bury the robbers, and one of them, looking at the powerful frame and wild features of Pedro, exclaims: "Yet he was a fine fellow, that Pedro Gomez—who would believe it! Well, God be merciful to his soul!" This, however, is not the only epitaph of the dreaded robber. A cross of lath is placed over his grave, with the inscription which is usual in such cases: "He died by a violent hand: pray for his soul."

The brigands who are the heroes of the above story were notorious for their audacity, and became so wealthy in consequence of the many rich prizes they secured, that it was said all their buttons were of pure gold, and their cigar-cases set with diamonds. They seem to have been extremely cruel and rapacious, and no instance has been recorded of their having shown any of the better feelings sometimes displayed by brigands. This, however, is by no means the characteristic of Spanish brigands in general. Besides Jose Maria, there were several famous bandits who showed a high-mindedness which is rarely seen even among honest men. Polinario, the brigand of the Sierra Morena, who for eleven years was the terror of half Spain, gave up his predatory career at the persuasion of an eloquent priest. This was the bishop of Jaen, who, being attacked by the bandit, read him a sermon on the wickedness of his life, and obtained from him a promise to turn honest if the bishop would get him the king's pardon. The pardon was obtained, and Polinario, from a powerful brigand chief, became the guard of the Seville diligence. He was by no means pleased with the change, but having once passed his word, he determined to keep it. Another instance of magnanimity on the part of a brigand is related by an English traveller who, intending to cross the Sierra Morena, passed the night in a village previous to ascending the mountains. At the village inn, he met with a handsome, intelligent man, by whose appearance he was so struck that he fell into conversation with him, and they soon became fast friends. Hearing that the Englishman wished to cross the Sierra, his new acquaintance did his best to prevent him from carrying out his project; but finding that he was quite de-

cided to make the journey, the Spaniard offered him a silver button which, he said, had protected him against the brigands when he last travelled in that direction. The Englishman put the button in his pocket, and forgot all about it until he got to a deserted part of the mountain, where he was attacked by the brigands, and forced to give up his purse. At this moment he thought of the button, and showed it to his assailants. The effect was magical; the robbers not only returned him his money, but insisted on escorting him across the mountain. Soon they arrived in a deep dell, where there was a comfortable-looking house, to which the brigands took the Englishman, telling him he could get refreshment there. The occupant of the house was of course the handsome stranger of the previous night, who, after giving the Englishman a royal reception, sent some of his men with him as guides, who took him to the high road on the opposite side of the mountain.

The capture last December of Lord J. Hervey and his companions by robbers, while on a shooting expedition in the Greek Islands, has given a special kind of interest to the brigands of Greece in the eyes of Englishmen. The Greek brigand of the present day, however, is little better than a vulgar footpad, and is a very unworthy representative of the klephts who inhabited the Thessalian mountains at the time of the Turkish dominion. They were half brigands, half patriots, and usually selected Turks as the objects of their depredations, although they did not object occasionally to rifle a Greek monk or so, no doubt considering that priests do not belong to any country. When they were very hard up for provisions, they used to send a requisition to the nearest village for the articles they wanted, and if, after several warnings, these were not forthcoming, the village was burnt. The ultimatum of the klephts in such cases usually consisted of a piece of paper significantly burnt at the four corners. Their expeditions generally took place at night, and they were so rapid in their movements, that they almost always took their victims by surprise. They were excellent shots, and when in action fired at their enemies from behind rocks, trees, and walls, throwing themselves on their backs when loading. Their endurance was remarkable; instances have been recorded of their having fought for three days and nights in succession without eating or drinking. The only honourable death in their eyes was to be killed in battle; to die in one's bed was a disgrace that every klepht sought to avoid. If any of them received a

mortal wound in battle, his head was immediately cut off by his friends, to prevent its being taken by the Turks, and publicly exhibited in the towns. When the Turks captured a klepht, which rarely happened, the prisoner was submitted to the most atrocious tortures, the least of which was to have both his legs broke with a hammer, but he almost invariably bore his sufferings without a murmur. The conduct of the klephts towards the women whom they captured was marked by the most delicate gallantry. Often they got into their power the wives and daughters of Turks who had insulted their own women; but they always treated them kindly and with punctilious respect. One of their chiefs was killed by his band for insulting a Turkish woman whom they had taken prisoner.

There were many remarkable chieftains among these noble brigades, one of the most eminent of whom, a warrior cast in the true heroic mould, was Katzantonis. He was originally a shepherd, and his family having suffered much persecution from Ali Pasha, he resolved to turn klepht. His friends ridiculed this project, as he was small and weak-looking, with an effeminate voice; but he adhered to his resolution, and soon made himself the terror of both Turks and Greeks in the vicinity of the Agrapa mountains, where he was stationed. Ali Pasha sent numerous bodies of troops to capture him, but they all failed in the attempt, chiefly in consequence of the wonderful daring and great military abilities of the brigand chief. On one occasion he was posted on the top of a mountain, which was only accessible by two defiles, both of which were occupied by his enemies. His men thought they were lost, for the soldiers were too strong for them to break through their ranks, and there was no way open to them but the bare side of an almost abrupt precipitous rock. Katzantonis, however, was not discouraged. He cut down with his sword a strong pine branch which he placed on the side of the rock, and then sitting astride on the branch, and pressing with all the weight of his body on it, he slipped down, the friction of the twigs and leaves preventing his descent from being too rapid. His men followed his example, and thus escaped from the hands of the soldiers, who, on arriving at the top of the mountain, found, to their amazement, that the klephts had vanished. But the most celebrated exploit of Katzantonis was the defeat of the Albanian Veli Guekas, one of the most active of his pursuers. Veli Guekas, provoked at the failure of his attempts to catch the klephts, vented his irritation on the villages

of Acarnania by levying contributions on them under the pretext of their having given assistance to Katzantonis. Hearing of this the klepht wrote as follows to the Albanian chief:—"Veli Guekas, it is said that you seek me and complain that you cannot find me; if you really wish it, come to Kryavrysis, where I will wait for you." Immediately on receiving this letter, Veli Guekas collected a few of his men and hurried to the place of rendezvous. Katzantonis was there, true to his word; a battle ensued, and the Albanian fell, shot by a musket-ball in the chest. This affair extended his fame over the whole of Greece, and Katzantonis, dressed in his picturesque klepht costume, dazzling with gold and precious stones, became a popular hero, whose name and appearance were well known in the villages. For many years he escaped the pursuit of Ali Pasha, who was indefatigable in his efforts to catch him; but he fell into his hands at last. Being taken severely ill, he retired with his brother George into a cave, with nobody but an old woman to attend upon him. His hiding-place was betrayed to Ali, who immediately sent sixty Albanians to the spot. Just as they had ranged themselves in front of the cavern, George appeared at the entrance. Seeing the soldier, he rushed back, took his brother on his shoulders, and with his sword between his teeth and his gun in his hand, suddenly ran out of the cavern, shooting the first Albanian who attempted to stop his way, and made for an adjoining wood. The Albanians started in pursuit, upon which George laid his brother on the ground, cut down a second Albanian with his sword, and then, again taking his brother on his back, recommenced his flight. In this way he killed or wounded several of his pursuers, until the Albanians, ashamed to be thus foiled by one man, all rushed forward in a body, and surrounding the two brothers, bound them and marched them off to Janina. Here they were sentenced to have the bones of their legs broken with a hammer. Katzantonis, whose spirit was no doubt weakened by his illness, uttered a few sharp cries, when the hammer broke his knee-cap; upon which George, looking at his brother in amazement, exclaimed, "Why, Katzantonis, you cry like a woman!" And he allowed the executioner to break all the bones of his leg, from the ankle to the hip, without uttering a murmur or dropping a tear.

A friend of Katzantonis, Diplas, was another celebrated klepht, who distinguished himself by a singular instance of self-devotion. The two chiefs, being once attacked by an overwhelming number of Albanians,

were almost entirely deserted by their men. "Which of you is Katzantonis?" asked the Albanian captain, advancing towards the klephts. "I," replied Katzantonis proudly and without hesitation. The Albanians then threw themselves upon him, and were dragging him off, when Diplas exclaimed, "Who is this insolent klepht that dares to steal my name? I am Katzantonis; let those who are seeking him come near; they will see if it is so easy to catch him." On hearing these words, which were uttered by a warrior of much more imposing aspect than Katzantonis, the Albanians let the latter go, and rushed on Diplas. Having thus enabled Katzantonis to escape, Diplas, determined to sell his life dearly, attacked with extraordinary fierceness the soldiers who were advancing upon him. Seven of them fell under his sword, and at length he himself sank to the ground, totally disabled by a mortal wound.

It is somewhat surprising that the stock bandit of romances and operas should be an Italian, for the real brigand of Italy is a far less romantic personage than those of Greece and Spain. The history of Italian brigandage is a record of atrocious cruelties and petty depredations, unredeemed by any of the noble traits which make the klephts so interesting. Assassination, which among the bandits of Spain and Greece was of very rare occurrence, was and is common among the brigands of Italy, by whom to kill a man with one's stiletto is simply called "an accident." The achievements of brigands celebrated in the favourite ballads of Southern Italy are, in fact, nothing but "accidents," occurring in a more or less sensational form. Their principal hero, Agostino Avossa, is a vulgar cut-throat, who chiefly distinguished himself by stabbing his enemies and making some wonderful escapes from prison. Marco Sciarra, the hero of the well-known adventure with Torquato Tasso, who was so powerful in the Campagna that he was styled its king, died by the hand of a treacherous friend. A most vivid, and at the same time accurate illustration of the prevalence of assassination in Southern Italy, and the indifference with which it is regarded, is given by Monnier in the following anecdote:—

"A few years ago, before the revolution, a traveller, wishing to ascend the mountains of Matese, took with him a guide, in whom he necessarily placed unlimited trust. The route they pursued over a very difficult country was one which could not be accomplished under several hours. When they had advanced about two-thirds of the way, they stopped to admire

the sublime scenery before them. At the bottom of a wild valley, a lake extended far into the woods, whilst groups of ancient firs covered the majestic surrounding rocks, and from the top of the mountain the eye could discover the two seas. As the traveller and his guide were making their way alone in that imposingly grand and somewhat awful solitude, they were suddenly stopped by a cross. After they had contemplated it for a few moments, the silence they had hitherto maintained was broken by the guide, who said, musingly:—

"This was placed here by me."

"By you!—and for what reason?"

"It's a vow, Eccellenza."

"A vow! May I ask its cause?"

"Why, it was for a certain misfortune which befell me on this very spot."

"What do you mean?"

"I killed a man!"

"You?"

"Yes, your honour, there!" and the man pointed out the place with his hand.

"The information thus coolly communicated was by no means calculated to reassure the mind of the traveller; but when, before they left the mountain, his worthy guide had shown him no fewer than nine-and-twenty crosses which he candidly confessed had all been planted by himself for similar vows, we must leave it to our reader to imagine what must have been the state of his mind. I need not say how freely the tourist breathed when he reached the end of his journey."

One of the most celebrated of the Italian bandit chiefs of Murat's time was Il Birarro. He trained large mastiffs to pursue and kill men, like blood-hounds, and often sent them after the troops who were in search of him. The most remarkable incident in his life was one of almost incredible cruelty. Having been brought to bay at last by the terrible Manhès, he hid himself in a cave, and fearing that the cries of his new-born child would betray his retreat, coolly dashed the infant's brains out against a tree. The child's mother, however, had her revenge. She watched the moment when the brigand was asleep, and cut his throat with his dagger, after which she proceeded to the nearest town, obtained the reward which had been offered for Bizarro's death, and, with this sum as a dowry, married and became a respectable woman. This abominable ruffian was but one of many brigand chiefs who made themselves terrible by their cruelties in Southern Italy during the troublous times of Napoleon's wars. Their most redoubtable adversary was General Manhès, who at length succeeded in putting them down by a scheme as original as it was characteristic. A company of French soldiers having left Cosenza to join their regiment,

were met on their way by the principal inhabitants of Parenti, a village in the vicinity, and invited in the most friendly manner to stay there during the night. The soldiers, who were tired and hungry, gladly accepted the invitation, and after a very hospitable reception from the people, dispersed among the principal houses in the village, and went to sleep. But the kindness and hospitality of the villagers were only feigned in order to get the French, whom they bitterly hated, into their power. In the middle of the night every man in the company was murdered save one, who escaped, and carried the tidings of the massacre to General Manhès. About the same time, at Serra, the brigands murdered the mayor, the commander of the National Guard, and a French officer, whom they had got into an ambushade under a promise of surrender. Manhès' retaliation for these atrocities was prompt and effective. He began by burning the village of Parenti to the ground, with all its inhabitants. He then proceeded to Serra, where the heads of the murdered men were still hanging from the trees in the public square. After taking a night to consider his plans, he ordered the whole population of the village to assemble in the square, and after accusing them of being in league with the bandits, announced that they would be subjected to a punishment which had been unknown in Europe since the middle ages.

"I order," he said, "all the churches of Serra to be shut, and all the priests, without exception, to be sent to Maida. Your children shall be born without christening, and you shall die without sacraments. Like reprobates, you shall be shut in your deserted town, and you shall not be allowed to escape my punishment by emigrating to another place. You are now for ever separated from the rest of the country. A severe watch shall be kept upon you, and if any one dares to go out he shall be hunted up like a wolf." The effect of these measures, which were carried out to the letter, upon the superstitious peasants was marvellous. The inhabitants of Serra, finding that all their prayers and entreaties to Manhès that he should raise the fearful interdict he had placed upon them were in vain, rose as one man against the brigands, and in a few days not a single bandit was left in the district. The general then withdrew his interdict; but the people were so impressed with his power and energy that thenceforward, for their ordinary exclamation of "Santo Diavolo," they substituted that of "Santo Manhès."

We shall pass over the sickening details of the lives of the brigands of this period, who were nearly all bloodthirsty savages without a single good quality to redeem their vices. One of them, however, Fra Diavolo immortalized by Auber, deserves a passing notice. The real name of this celebrated brigand was Michele Pezza, and it is said he was called Fra Diavolo because he had the cunning of a priest and the malice of the devil. After committing some horrible cruelties and scouring the mountains for several years with a price put by proclamation on his head, he offered his services to King Ferdinand during the revolution, and was made a colonel. Soon afterwards, when Joseph seized the throne, Fra Diavolo was advanced by Ferdinand to the rank of Brigadier-General, and attacked the French troops and civil authorities wherever he could find them. At length Joseph, determined to destroy the brigands, sent a large body of troops to surround them, Colonel Hugo (father of the author of the "Misérables") being charged with the difficult duty of hunting down their chief. Hugo started in pursuit of Fra Diavolo across a broken country, and acted with such celerity that he nearly succeeded in coming up with him. The brigand now dashed into the mountains, every path of which he knew, thinking that Hugo would not attempt to follow him; but the Frenchman kept close to him, and, aided by peasant guides, marched on from valley to valley over the jagged edges of the rocks, his soldiers cutting their shoes to pieces in this arduous journey, and eating as they ran. The pursuit continued for eight days, but Hugo could never get near enough to the brigands to attack them. At length a French column, coming up from the other side of the mountain, met Fra Diavolo as he was escaping from Hugo's men, and routed his band with great slaughter. Hugo now pushed on to the brigand's rear; but Fra Diavolo, dividing his men into detachments, one man in each of which was to represent himself as the dreaded chief, again eluded his pursuit. After numerous adventures and escapes of this kind, Fra Diavolo at length found himself on the road to Apulia, his pursuer being close behind him, and a regiment of cavalry in front. It seemed as if he was caught at last. But his extraordinary ingenuity and presence of mind soon helped him out of the difficulty. He ordered his men to tie his hands behind his back, and do the same to his lieutenant; they were then to march towards the cavalry, and on coming up with

them say that the two prisoners were brigands of the band of Fra Diavolo, whom they were taking to Naples in order to obtain the reward. The stratagem answered admirably, and Fra Diavolo marched on unharmed. At last he reached the shore, intending to take a boat for Capri, and passed the night in the house of a peasant. Here he was attacked by brigands, who robbed him and took him into the mountains, where they left him, half-dead with fatigue, on the high road. He was now arrested as a supposed brigand by the police, who, however, did not know who he was, and taken by them to Salerno. While he was being examined at the police-station, one of Hugo's men entered, and instantly recognised him. Thus what Hugo, with all his skill and perseverance, and backed by a whole army, had failed to do, was at length accomplished by a series of petty accidents. He was tried, condemned, and hung shortly afterwards, in his uniform as a brigadier-general.

A peculiarity of Italian brigandage before 1860 was the mysterious organization called the Camorra. This was a sort of *Vehmgericht* of thieves, who extorted money from all classes of the people under a threat of secret assassination. The Camorrist were to be found in all places where money exchanges hands, and always claimed a per centage as their share. There were members of this organization even in the prisons and the army, and people at length grew so accustomed to pay this contribution, that they felt uneasy when the government of Victor Emmanuel caused it to cease by breaking up the Camorra. The Camorrist, generally well-dressed and gentlemanly-looking men, received their contributions from the boatmen at the quays, from the servants at the hotels, and from the players and the croupiers in the gambling-houses. At the same time this singular society was not without its uses in the State. It preserved order, and fulfilled other functions of government much better than the Bourbon kings, and did not tolerate any extortion or violence but its own. It is even said that the Bourbon government, sensible of its weakness, not only winked at but actually encouraged the action of the Camorra, and received a portion of its revenues. In the prisons, especially, the society was all-powerful. The members were always provided with knives, notwithstanding the efforts of the authorities to prevent the introduction of arms into the prisons, and were thus enabled to fleece their victims, which they did in the most

unscrupulous manner, taking their clothes from their backs. Few dared to offend a Camorrist, for the revenge of the society was swift and sure; but, on the other hand, a resolute opposition to extortion sometimes gained its respect. Once a priest, on being imprisoned in the Vicaria, was visited by a Camorrist, who asked for money for the lamp of the Madonna. The priest answered he had none, upon which the Camorrist raised his stick in anger; but the priest, nothing daunted, observed in a jeering tone that he would not be so fierce if he had an armed man to contend with. Piqued by this insinuation, the Camorrist produced two knives, one of which he gave to the priest. They fought, and the priest killed his adversary. This act, far from bringing down upon him the vengeance of the Camorra, was carefully concealed by the society from the government, lest the priest should be arrested for murder; and during the rest of the period of his imprisonment he was regularly paid, as a Camorrist, his share of the gains of the society. A similar story is related of a Calabrian, who, on being applied to by a Camorrist for a share of his gains at a gambling-house, refused, and threatened to stab the applicant. Next day he was presented by an unknown individual with a short sword in recognition of his brave conduct, and he was afterwards saluted by numbers of other persons whom he had never seen before, and who looked upon him as a Camorrist.

The Italian brigand of the present day differs but little from his predecessors. He is more reckless than brave, cruel and blood-thirsty to a degree, and extremely superstitious. On certain days he eats no butcher's meat, though he does not abstain from murder or robbery; and before entering on one of his expeditions he takes care to insert into an incision in the root of his thumb a consecrated wafer. Most of them have a figure of the Virgin, or a relic, hung round their necks, and generally their costume is smarter than that of the band which captured Mr. Moens. Thus the chief Pilone, a bandit of 1863, is described as having been dressed in a Calabrese hat, adorned with a red-and-white feather, a blue jacket and red breeches, a silk scarf round his waist, and a medal on his breast. Most of the brigand chiefs are thorough-paced rascals, without even the military qualities of the Fra Diavolos and the Vardarellis. The so-called "General" Crocco, who played an important part as a brigand and Bourbonist leader in the partisan war of 1860-61, was an escaped convict, with

thirty offences, ranging from petty larceny to murder, registered against him in the books of the Neapolitan tribunals. He pillaged both Bourbonists and Liberals with strict impartiality, and carefully avoided coming to a collision with the troops of Victor Emmanuel. Chiavone, another "general," was originally a common soldier in the Bourbon army, and had been drummed out of his regiment for misconduct. The only military talent he possessed was that of escaping from the enemy; but though always successful in saving himself from capture, he invariably forgot to look after the safety of his men.

The difficulties experienced by the troops in exterminating the brigand bands are well illustrated by the report of the operations against Cuccitto. This chief, who seems to have possessed rather more strategical ability than his fellows, placed his head-quarters on the mountains of Rocca-guglielmo, a rocky region covered with dense woods, very difficult of access, and pierced by innumerable caverns and subterraneous passages. Here he lived for some time in perfect security, obtaining his clothes, provisions, and powder from the peasants in his vicinity, and every now and then replenishing his exchequer by raids into the surrounding country. At length a body of soldiers was despatched to hunt him out of his lair. They began by surrounding the whole region, and then advanced towards the top, the cordon becoming closer as they went. When they reached the summit they were amazed to find, on comparing notes, that not one of them had even seen a brigand, and that all the peasants they had met were unanimous in declaring there were no brigands in that part of the country. The troops then returned to their station; but hardly had they done so when the news arrived of terrible depredations committed by the brigands they were in search of in the very district they had just left, and on the very same peasants as had denied all knowledge of their existence. This apparent mystery is easily explained. While the troops were toiling up the mountain, the brigands were safely ensconced in a cavern, and the peasants feared the latter too much to betray them, knowing that they risked nothing by telling falsehoods to the troops, while if they gave information about the brigands the latter would be sure to take a terrible revenge. Being thus foiled, the troops adopted a new expedient. Thinking that perhaps some of the peasants they had met were only brigands in disguise, they arrested

every man they found; but each of them was accounted for, and proved to be a peaceable citizen. The general, being determined not to give in, then formed a permanent camp on the summit of a mountain which commanded the whole region. The men in this camp were ordered to patrol the district night and day, and the service was so severe that it was found necessary to change them every ten days. This had the desired effect. Cuccitto, finding it impossible almost to stir without being seen, escaped by night with his men through one of the subterraneous passages, and entered the Papal States, where he was finally captured by the French.

The above sketches of brigandage in Italy and other countries will give some idea of the obstacles governments have to contend with in their attempts to eradicate this dangerous element of disorder from the countries under their rule. Many plans have been suggested for the suppression of brigandage in Italy; but the difficulties of the question are, under present circumstances, so great, that nothing like a satisfactory solution has yet been arrived at. The soldiers of Victor Emmanuel have behaved, on the whole, quite as well as could be expected in the discharge of an extremely unpleasant and laborious duty; but, so long as the Papal territories afford a refuge for the brigands, the task of exterminating them seems to be hopeless. No one now doubts that both the Pope and the dethroned King of Naples, the latter in pursuance of an old Bourbon tradition, have given assistance, as well as encouragement, to brigandage; and the political and religious colour which has thus covered the criminal purposes of the brigand bands has naturally made them to a certain degree popular with a section of the population. The perverted notions of morality, too, which prevail among the lower classes of the south, and which are the consequences of several centuries of such misgovernment as no other country in Europe has witnessed, must do much to make brigandage still a favourite profession with the bold and adventurous inhabitants of the mountain districts. These sources of brigandage lie too deep to be removed by such remedies as inundating the country with troops and laying whole villages under contribution. Probably the time is not far distant when a far more effectual, if less violent, means of eradicating this scourge of Italy will come into operation. The fulfilment of the September Convention is now close upon us, and it is difficult to believe that the rotten

sovereignty of the Popes will be able to resist the imperious desire for a united Italy when the French troops are removed, and especially when, as will now probably soon be the case, the Italians are masters of Venetia, and all their efforts will be con-

centrated towards the acquisition of Rome. One great feeder of brigandage will thus be closed up, and we may trust to the enlightened government of Victor Emmanuel, and to the spread of education among the people for the rest.

A PORTRAIT.

I.

SHE gave up beauty in her tender youth,
Gave all her hope and joy and pleasant ways,
She covered up her eyes lest they should gaze
On vanity, and chose the bitter truth.
Harsh towards herself, towards others full of
ruth,
Servant of servants, little known to praise,
Long prayers and fasts trenched on her nights
and days;
She schooled herself to sights and sounds uncouth,
That with the poor and stricken she might
make
A home, until the least of all sufficed
Her wants; her own self learned she to forsake,
Counting all earthly gain but hurt and loss.
So with calm will she chose and bore the Cross,
And hated all for love of Jesus Christ.

— Rossetti.

LA TERRA DEI MORTI.

WHO says that our ranks are riven?
Who boasts that our legions fled?
We accuse not whose blood was given,
We lie where we stood — the dead.

The eagle may scream above,
The Croat may pace around,
By the right of a deathless love,
We have conquered and hold the ground.

We are part of a nameless van
In the battle with might and wrong;
It has lasted — since time began,
It has lasted — but time is long;
We sleep — but around is waking, —
And though we shall never see,
We feel it — the day is breaking, —
We knew it — this land is free.

Yes! free — by the dead who lie
Defeated, unblessed, unknown, —
By the living who rush to die, —
By the dying who made no moan, —
By the mother whose heart is sore
Of grief for the fallen son,
Yet blesses the people's war,
Yet weeping bids — fight on.

"The dead ones," ye called us, ye said
The stranger might spoil or save;
We own it — we are the dead,
We sleep in Custoza's grave;
We own it — we fought and failed —
The struggle, the hope were vain —
But the field, where the German prevailed,
Is part of our country again.

— Spectator.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE RIVALS.

LADY ONGAR sat alone, long into the night, when Harry Clavering had left her. She sat there long, getting up occasionally from her seat, once or twice attempting to write at her desk, looking now and then at a paper or two, and then at a small picture which she had, but passing the long hours in thinking, — in long, sad, solitary thoughts. What should she do with herself, — with herself, her title, and her money? Would it be still well that she should do something, that she should make some attempt; or should she, in truth, abandon all, as the arch-traitor did, and acknowledge that for her foot there could no longer be a resting-place on the earth? At six-and-twenty, with youth, beauty, and wealth at her command, must she despair? But her youth had been stained, her beauty had lost its freshness; and as for her wealth, had she not stolen it? Did not the weight of the theft sit so heavy on her, that her brightest thought was one which prompted her to abandon it?

As to that idea of giving up her income and her house, and calling herself again Julia Brabazon, though there was something in the poetry of it which would now and again for half an hour relieve her, yet she hardly proposed such a course to herself as a reality. The world in which she had lived had taught her to laugh at romance, to laugh at it even while she liked its beauty; and she would tell herself that for such a one as her to do such a thing as this, would be to insure for herself the ridicule of all who knew her name. What would Sir Hugh say, and her sister? What Count Pateroff and the faithful Sophie? What all the Ongar tribe, who would reap the rich harvest of her insanity? These latter would offer to provide her a place in some convenient asylum, and the others would all agree that such would be her fitting destiny. She could bear the idea of walking forth, as she had said, penniless into the street, without a crust; but she could not bear the idea of being laughed at when she got there.

To her, in her position, her only escape was by marriage. It was the solitude of her position which maddened her; — its solitude, or the necessity of breaking that solitude by the presence of those who were odious to her. Whether it were better to be alone, feeding on the bitterness of her own thoughts, or to be comforted by the fulsome flatteries and odious falsenesses of Sophie Gordeloup, she could not tell. She hated herself for her

loneliness, but she hated herself almost worse for submitting herself to the society of Sophie Gordeloup. Why not give all that she possessed to Harry Clavering — herself, her income, her rich pastures and horses and oxen, and try whether the world would not be better to her when she had done so?

She had learned to laugh at romance, but still she believed in love. While that bargain was going on as to her settlement, she had laughed at romance, and had told herself that in this world worldly prosperity was everything. Sir Hugh then had stood by her with truth, for he had well understood the matter, and could enter into it with zest. Lord Ongar, in his state of health, had not been in a position to make close stipulations as to the dower in the event of his proposed wife becoming a widow. "No, no; we won't stand that," Sir Hugh had said to the lawyers. "We all hope, of course, that Lord Ongar may live long; no doubt he'll turn over a new leaf, and die at ninety. But in such a case as this the widow must not be fettered." The widow had not been fettered, and Julia had been made to understand the full advantage of such an arrangement. But still she had believed in love when she had bade farewell to Harry in the garden. She had told herself then, even then, that she would have better liked to have taken him and his love, — if only she could have afforded it. He had not dreamed that on leaving him she had gone from him to her room, and taken out his picture, — the same that she had with her now in Bolton Street, — and had kissed it, bidding him farewell there with a passion which she could not display in his presence. And she had thought of his offer about the money over and over again. "Yes," she would say; "that man loved me. He would have given me all he had to relieve me, though nothing was to come to him in return." She had, at any rate, been loved once; and she almost wished that she had taken the money, that she might now have an opportunity of repaying it.

And she was again free, and her old lover was again by her side. Had that fatal episode in her life been so fatal that she must now regard herself as tainted and unfit for him? There was no longer anything to separate them, — anything of which she was aware, unless it was that. And as for his love, — did he not look and speak as though he loved her still? Had he not pressed her hand passionately, and kissed it, and once more called her Julia? How should it be that he should not love her? In such a case as his, love might have been turned to ha-

tred or to enmity; but it was not so with him. He called himself her friend. How could there be friendship between them without love?

And then she thought how much with her wealth she might do for him. With all his early studies and his talent Harry Clavering was not the man, she thought, to make his way in the world by hard work; but with such an income as she could give him, he might shine among the proud ones of his nation. He should go into Parliament, and do great things. He should be lord of all. It should all be his without a word of reserve. She had been mercenary once, but she would atone for that now by open-handed, undoubting generosity. She herself had learned to hate the house and fields and wide-spread comforts of Ongar Park. She had walked among it all alone, and despised. But it would be a glory to her to see him go forth, with Giles at his heels, boldly giving his orders, changing this and improving that. He would be rebuked for no errors, let him do with Enoch Gubby and the rest of them what he pleased! And then the parson's wife would be glad enough to come to her, and the house would be full of smiling faces. And it might be that God would be good to her, and that she would have treasures, as other women had them, and that the flavour would come back to the apples, and that the ashes would cease to grate between her teeth.

She loved him, and why should it not be so? She could go before God's altar with him without disgracing herself with a lie. She could put her hand in his, and swear honestly that she would worship him and obey him. She had been dishonest; — but if he would pardon her for that, could she not reward him richly for such pardon? And it seemed to her that he had pardoned her. He had forgiven it all and was gracious to her, — coming at her beck and call, and sitting with her as though he liked her presence. She was woman enough to understand this, and she knew that he liked it. Of course he loved her. How could it be otherwise?

But yet he spoke nothing to her of his love. In the old days there had been with him no bashfulness of that kind. He was not a man to tremble and doubt before a woman. In those old days he had been ready enough, — so ready, that she had wondered that one who had just come from his books should know so well how to make himself master of a girl's heart. Nature had given him that art, as she does give it to some, withholding it from many. But

now he sat near her, dropping once and again half words of love, hearing her references to the old times; — and yet he said nothing.

But how was he to speak of love to one who was a widow but of four months' standing? And with what face could he now again ask for her hand, knowing that it had been filled so full since last it was refused to him? It was thus she argued to herself when she excused him in that he did not speak to her. As to her widowhood, to herself it was a thing of scorn. Thinking of it, she cast her weepers from her, and walked about the room, scorning the hypocrisy of her dress. It needed that she should submit herself to this hypocrisy before the world; but he might know, — for had she not told him? — that the clothes she wore were no index of her feeling or of her heart. She had been mean enough, base enough, vile enough, to sell herself to that wretched lord. Mean, base, and vile she had been, and she now confessed it; but she was not false enough to pretend that she mourned the man as a wife mourns. Harry might have seen enough to know, have understood enough to perceive, that he need not regard her widowhood.

And as to her money! If that were the stumbling-block, might it not be well that the first overture should come from her? Could she not find words to tell him that it might all be his? Could she not say to him, "Harry Clavering, all this is nothing in my hands. Take it into your hands, and it will prosper." Then it was that she went to her desk, and attempted to write to him. She did write to him a completed note, offering herself and all that was hers for his acceptance. In doing so, she strove hard to be honest and yet not over bold; to be affectionate and yet not unfeminine. Long she sat, holding her head with one hand, while the other attempted to use the pen which would not move over the paper. At length, quickly it flew across the sheet, and a few lines were there for her to peruse.

"Harry Clavering," she had written, "I know I am doing what men and women say no woman should do. You may, perhaps, say so of me now; but if you do, I know you so well, that I do not fear that others will be able to repeat it. Harry, I have never loved any one but you. Will you be my husband? You well know that I should not make you this offer if I did not intend that everything I have should be yours. It will be pleasant to me to feel I can make some reparation for the evil I have done. As for love, I have never loved any one but you.

You yourself must know that well. Yours, altogether if you will have it so, — JULIA."

She took the letter with her, back across the room to her seat by the fire, and took with her at the same time the little portrait; and there she sat, looking at the one and reading the other. At last she slowly folded the note up into a thin wisp of paper, and, lighting the end of it, watched it till every shred of it was burnt to an ash. "If he wants me," she said, "he can come and take me, — as other men do." It was a fearful attempt, that which she had thought of making. How could she have looked him in the face again had his answer to her been a refusal?

Another hour went by before she took herself to her bed, during which her cruelly-used maiden was waiting for her half asleep in the chamber above; and during that time she tried to bring herself to some steady resolve. She would remain in London for the coming months, so that he might come to her if he pleased. She would remain there, even though she were subject to the daily attacks of Sophie Gordeloup. She hardly knew why, but in part she was afraid of Sophie. She had done nothing of which Sophie knew the secret. She had no cause to tremble because Sophie might be offended. The woman had seen her in some of her saddest moments, and could indeed tell of indignities which would have killed some women. But these she had borne, and had not disgraced herself in the bearing of them. But still she was afraid of Sophie, and felt that she could not bring herself absolutely to dismiss her friend from her house. Nevertheless, she would remain; — because Harry Clavering was in London and could come to her there. To her house at Ongar Park she would never go again, unless she went as his wife. The place had become odious to her. Bad as was her solitude in London, with Sophie Gordeloup to break it, — and perhaps with Sophie's brother to attack her, it was not so bad as the silent desolation of Ongar Park. Never again would she go there, unless she went there, in triumph, — as Harry's wife. Having so far resolved she took herself at last to her room, and dismissed her drowsy Phæbe to her rest.

And now the reader must be asked to travel down at once into the country, that he may see how Florence Burton passed the same evening at Clavering Rectory. It was Florence's last night there, and on the following morning she was to return to her father's house at Stratton. Florence had not as yet received her unsatisfactory letter from Harry. That was to arrive on the following morning. At present she was, as

regarded her letters, under the influence of that one which had been satisfactory in so especial a degree. Not that the coming letter, — the one now on its route, — was of a nature to disturb her comfort permanently, or to make her in any degree unhappy. "Dear fellow; he must be careful, he is overworking himself." Even the unsatisfactory letter would produce nothing worse than this from her; but now, at the moment of which I am writing, she was in a paradise of happy thoughts.

Her visit to Clavering had been in every respect successful. She had been liked by every one, and every one in return had been liked by her. Mrs. Clavering had treated her as though she were a daughter. The rector had made her pretty presents, had kissed her, and called her his child. With Fanny she had formed a friendship which was to endure for ever, let destiny separate them how it might. Dear Fanny! She had had a wonderful interview respecting Fanny on this very day, and was at this moment disquieting her mind because she could not tell her friend what had happened without a breach of confidence! She had learned a great deal at Clavering, though in most matters of learning she was a better instructed woman than they were whom she had met. In general knowledge and in intellect she was Fanny's superior, though Fanny Clavering was no fool; but Florence, when she came thither had lacked something which living in such a house had given to her; — or, I should rather say, something had been given to her of which she would greatly feel the want, if it could be again taken from her. Her mother was as excellent a woman as had ever sent forth a family of daughters into the world, and I do not know that any one ever objected to her as being ignorant, or specially vulgar; but the house in Stratton was not like Clavering Rectory in the little ways of living, and this Florence Burton had been clever enough to understand. She knew that a sojourn under such a roof, with such a woman as Mrs. Clavering, must make her fitter to be Harry's wife; and, therefore, when they pressed her to come again in the autumn, she said that she thought she would. She could understand, too, that Harry was different in many things from the men who had married her sisters, and she rejoiced that it was so. Poor Florence! Had he been more like them it might have been safer for her.

But we must return for a moment to the wonderful interview which has been mentioned. Florence, during her sojourn at Clavering, had become intimate with Mr. Saul,

as well as with Fanny. She had given herself for the time heartily to the schools, and matters had so far progressed with her that Mr. Saul had on one occasion scolded her soundly. "It's a great sign that he thinks well of you," Fanny had said. "It was the only sign he ever gave me, before he spoke to me in that sad strain." On the afternoon of this, her last day at Clavering, she had gone over to Cumberly Green with Fanny, to say farewell to the children, and walked back by herself, as Fanny had not finished her work. When she was still about half a mile from the rectory, she met Mr. Saul, who was on his way out to the Green. "I knew I should meet you," he said, "so that I might say good-by."

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Saul, — for I am going in truth, to-morrow."

"I wish you were staying. I wish you were going to remain with us. Having you here is very pleasant, and you do more good here, perhaps, than you will elsewhere."

"I will not allow that. You forget that I have a father and mother."

"Yes; and you will have a husband soon."

"No, not soon; some day, perhaps, if all goes well. But I mean to be back here often before that. I mean to be here in October, just for a little visit, if mamma can spare me."

"Miss Burton," he said, speaking in a very serious tone —. All his tones were serious, but that which he now adopted was more solemn than usual. "I wish to consult you on a certain matter, if you can give me five minutes of your time."

"To consult me, Mr. Saul?"

"Yes, Miss Burton. I am hard pressed at present, and I know no one else of whom I can ask a certain question, if I cannot ask it of you. I think that you will answer me truly, if you answer me at all. I do not think you would flatter me, or tell me an untruth."

"Flatter you! how could I flatter you?"

"By telling me —; but I must ask you my question first. You and Fanny Clavering are dear friends now. You tell each other everything."

"I do not know," said Florence, doubting as to what she might best say, but guessing something of that which was coming.

"She will have told you, perhaps, that I asked her to be my wife. Did she ever tell you that?" Florence looked into his face for a few moments without answering him, not knowing how to answer such a question. "I know that she has told you," said he. "I can see that it is so."

"She has told me," said Florence.

"Why should she not? How could she be

with you so many hours, and not tell you that of which she could hardly fail to have the remembrance often present with her. If I were gone from here, if I were not before her eyes daily, it might be otherwise; but seeing me as she does from day to day, of course she has spoken of me to her friend."

"Yes, Mr. Saul; she has told me of it."

"And now, will you tell me whether I may hope."

"Mr. Saul!"

"I want you to betray no secret, but I ask you for your advice. Can I hope that she will ever return my love?"

"How am I to answer you?"

"With the truth. Only with the truth."

"I should say that she thinks that you have forgotten it."

"Forgotten it! No, Miss Burton; she cannot think that. Do you believe that men or women can forget such things as that? Can you ever forget her brother? Do you think people ever forget when they have loved? No, I have not forgotten her. I have not forgotten that walk which we had down this lane together. There are things which men never forget." Then he paused for an answer.

Florence was by nature steady and self-collected, and she at once felt that she was bound to be wary before she gave him any answer. She had half fancied once or twice that Fanny thought more of Mr. Saul than she allowed even herself to know. And Fanny, when she had spoken of the impossibility of such a marriage, had always based the impossibility on the fact that people should not marry without the means of living, — a reason which to Florence, with all her prudence, was not sufficient. Fanny might wait as she also intended to wait. Later, too, Fanny had declared more than once to Florence her conviction that Mr. Saul's passion had been a momentary insanity which had altogether passed away; and in these declarations Florence had half fancied that she discovered some tinge of regret. If it were so, what was she now to say to Mr. Saul?

"You think then, Miss Burton," he continued, "that I have no chance of success? I ask the question because if I felt certain that this was so, — quite certain, I should be wrong to remain here. It has been my first and only parish, and I could not leave it without bitter sorrow. But if I were to remain here hopelessly, I should become unfit for my work. I am becoming so, and shall be better away."

"But why ask me, Mr. Saul?"

"Because I think that you can tell me."

"But why not ask herself? Who can tell you so truly as she can do?"

"You would not advise me to do that if you were sure that she would reject me?"

"That is what I would advise."

"I will take your advice, Miss Burton. Now, good-by, and may God bless you. You say you will be here in the autumn; but before the autumn I shall probably have left Clavering. If so our farewells will be for very long, but I shall always remember our pleasant intercourse here." Then he went on towards Cumberly Green; and Florence, as she walked into the vicarage grounds, was thinking that no girl had ever been loved by a more single-hearted, pure-minded gentleman than Mr. Saul.

As she sat alone in her bed-room, five or six hours after this interview, she felt some regret that she should leave Clavering without a word to Fanny on the subject. Mr. Saul had exacted no promise of secrecy from her; he was not a man to exact such promises. But she felt not the less that she would be betraying confidence to speak, and it might even be that her speaking on the matter would do more harm than good. Her sympathies were doubtless with Mr. Saul, but she could not therefore say that she thought Fanny ought to accept his love. It would be best to say nothing of the matter, and to allow Mr. Saul to fight his own battle.

Then she turned to her own matters, and there she found that everything was pleasant. How good the world had been to her to give her such a lover as Harry Clavering! She owned with all her heart the excellence of being in love, when a girl might be allowed to call such a man her own. She could not but make comparisons between him and Mr. Saul, though she knew that she was making them on points that were hardly worthy of her thoughts. Mr. Saul was plain, uncouth, with little that was bright about him except the brightness of his piety. Harry was like the morning star. He looked and walked and spoke, as though he were something more godlike than common men. His very voice created joy, and the ring of his laughter was to Florence as the music of the heavens. What woman would not have loved Harry Clavering? Even Julia Brabazon, — a creature so base that she had sold herself to such a thing as Lord Ongar for money and a title, but so grand in her gait and ways, so Florence had been told, that she seemed to despise the earth on which she trod, — even she had loved him. Then as Florence thought of what Julia Brabazon might have had and of what she had lost,

she wondered that there could be women born so sadly vicious.

But that woman's vice had given her her success, her joy, her great triumph! It was surely not for her to deal hardly with the faults of Julia Brabazon, — for her who was enjoying all the blessings of which those faults had robbed the other! Julia Brabazon had been her very good friend.

But why had this perfect lover come to her, to one so small, so trifling, so little in the world's account as she, and given to her all the treasure of his love? Oh, Harry, — dear Harry! what could she do for him that would be a return good enough for such great goodness? Then she took out his last letter, that satisfactory letter, that letter that had been declared to be perfect, and read it and read it again. No; she did not want Fanny or any one else to tell her that he was true. Honesty and truth were written on every line of his face, were to be heard in every tone of his voice, could be seen in every sentence that came from his hand. Dear Harry; dearest Harry! She knew well that he was true.

Then she also sat down and wrote to him, on that her last night beneath his father's roof, — wrote to him when she had nearly prepared herself for her bed; and honestly, out of her full heart, thanked him for his love. There was no need that she should be coy with him now, for she was his own. "Dear Harry, when I think of all that you have done for me in loving and choosing me for your wife, I know that I can never pay you all that I owe you."

Such were the two rival claimants for the hand of Harry Clavering.

CHAPTER XVII.

LET HER KNOW THAT YOU'RE THERE.

A WEEK had passed since the evening which Harry had spent in Bolton Street, and he had not again seen Lady Ongar. He had professed to himself that his reason for not going there was the non-performance of the commission which Lady Ongar had given him with reference to Count Pateroff. He had not yet succeeded in catching the count, though he had twice asked for him in Mount Street and twice at the club in Pall Mall. It appeared that the count never went to Mount Street, and was very rarely seen at the club. There was some other club which he frequented, and Harry did not know what club. On both the occasions

of Harry's calling in Mount Street, the servant had asked him to go up and see madame; but he had declined to do so, pleading that he was hurried. He was, however, driven to resolve that he must go direct to Sophie, as otherwise he could find no means of doing as he had promised. She probably might put him on the scent of her brother.

But there had been another reason why Harry had not gone to Bolton Street, though he had not acknowledged it to himself. He did not dare to trust himself with Lady Ongar. He feared that he would be led on to betray himself and to betray Florence, — to throw himself at Julia's feet and sacrifice his honesty, in spite of all his resolutions to the contrary. He felt when there as the accustomed but repentant dram-drinker might feel, when having resolved to abstain, he is called upon to sit with the full glass offered before his lips. From such temptation as that the repentant dram-drinker knows that he must fly. But though he did not go after the fire-water of Bolton Street, neither was he able to satisfy himself with the cool fountain of Onslow Crescent. He was wretched at this time, — ill-satisfied with himself and others, and was no fitting companion for Cecilia Burton. The world, he thought, had used him ill. He could have been true to Julia Brabazon when she was well-nigh penniless. It was not for her money that he had regarded her. Had he been now a free man, — free from those chains with which he had fettered himself at Stratton, he would again have asked this woman for her love, in spite of her past treachery; but it would have been for her love and not for her money that he would have sought her. Was it his fault that he had loved her, that she had been false to him, and that she had now come back and thrown herself before him? Or had he been wrong because he had ventured to think that he loved another when Julia had deserted him? Or could he help himself if he now found that his love in truth belonged to her whom he had known first? The world had been very cruel to him, and he could not go to Onslow Crescent and behave there prettily, hearing the praises of Florence with all the ardour of a discreet lover.

He knew well what would have been his right course, and yet he did not follow it. Let him but once communicate to Lady Ongar the fact of his engagement, and the danger would be over, though much, perhaps, of the misery might remain. Let him write to her and mention the fact, bringing it up as some little immaterial accident, and she would

understand what he meant. But this he abstained from doing. Though he swore to himself that he would not touch the dram, he would not dash down the full glass that was held to his lips. He went about the town very wretchedly, looking for the count, and regarding himself as a man specially marked out for sorrow by the cruel hand of misfortune. Lady Ongar, in the meantime, was expecting him, and waxing angry and becoming bitter towards him because he came not.

Sir Hugh Clavering was now up in London, and with him was his brother Archie. Sir Hugh was a man who strained an income, that was handsome and sufficient for a country gentleman, to the very utmost, wanting to get more out of it than it could be made to give. He was not a man to be in debt, or indulge himself with present pleasures to be paid for out of the funds of future years. He was possessed of a worldly wisdom which kept him from that folly, and taught him to appreciate fully the value of independence. But he was ever remembering how many shillings there are in a pound, and how many pence in a shilling. He had a great eye to discount, and looked very closely into his bills. He searched for cheap shops; and some men began to say of him that he had found a cheap establishment for such wines as he did not drink himself! In playing cards and in betting he was very careful, never playing high, never risking much, but hoping to turn something by the end of the year, and angry with himself if he had not done so. An unamiable man he was, but one whose heir would probably not quarrel with him, — if only he would die soon enough. He had always had a house in town, a moderate house in Berkeley Square, which belonged to him and had belonged to his father before him. Lady Clavering had usually lived there during the season; or, as had latterly been the case, during only a part of the season. And now it had come to pass, in this year, that Lady Clavering was not to come to London at all, and that Sir Hugh was meditating whether the house in Berkeley Square might not be let. The arrangement would make the difference of considerably more than a thousand a year to him. For himself, he would take lodgings. He had no idea of giving up London in the spring and early summer. But why keep up a house in Berkeley Square, as Lady Clavering did not use it?

He was partly driven to this by a desire to shake off the burden of his brother. When Archie chose to go to Clavering the

house was open to him. That was the necessity of Sir Hugh's position, and he could not avoid it unless he made it worth his while to quarrel with his brother. Archie was obedient, ringing the bell when he was told, looking after the horses, spying about, and perhaps saving as much money as he cost. But the matter was very different in Berkeley Square. No elder brother is bound to find breakfast and bed for a younger brother in London. And yet from his boyhood upwards Archie had made good his footing in Berkeley Square. In the matter of the breakfast, Sir Hugh had indeed of late got the better of him. The servants were kept on board wages, and there were no household accounts. But there was Archie's room, and Sir Hugh felt this to be a hardship.

The present was not the moment for actually driving forth the intruder, for Archie was now up in London, especially under his brother's auspices. And if the business on which Captain Clavering was now intent could be brought to a successful issue, the standing in the world of that young man would be very much altered. Then he would be a brother of whom Sir Hugh might be proud; a brother who would pay his way, and settle his points at whist if he lost them, even to a brother. If Archie could induce Lady Ongar to marry him, he would not be called upon any longer to ring the bells and look after the stable. He would have bells of his own, and stables too, and perhaps some captain of his own to ring them and look after them. The expulsion, therefore, was not to take place till Archie should have made his attempt upon Lady Ongar.

But Sir Hugh would admit of no delay, whereas Archie himself seemed to think that the iron was not yet quite hot enough for striking. It would be better, he had suggested, to postpone the work till Julia could be coaxed down to Clavering in the autumn. He could do the work better, he thought, down at Clavering than in London. But Sir Hugh was altogether of a different opinion. Though he had already asked his sister-in-law to Clavering, when the idea had first come up, he was glad that she had declined the visit. Her coming might be very well if she accepted Archie; but he did not want to be troubled with any renewal of his responsibility respecting her, if, as was more probable, she should reject him. The world still looked askance at Lady Ongar, and Hugh did not wish to take up the armour of a paladin in her favour. If Archie married her, Archie would be the

paladin; though, indeed, in that case, no paladin would be needed.

"She has only been a widow, you know, four months," said Archie, pleading for delay. "It won't be delicate; will it?"

"Delicate!" said Sir Hugh. "I don't know whether there is much of delicacy in it at all."

"I don't see why she isn't to be treated like any other woman. If you were to die, you'd think it very odd if any fellow came up to Herny before the season was over."

"Archie, you are a fool," said Sir Hugh; and Archie could see by his brother's brow that Hugh was angry. "You say things that for folly and absurdity are beyond belief. If you can't see the peculiarities of Julia's position, I am not going to point them out to you."

"She is peculiar, of course,—having so much money, and that place near Guildford, all her own for her life. Of course its peculiar. But four months, Hugh!"

"If it had been four days it need have made no difference. A home, with some one to support her, is everything to her. If you wait till lots of fellows are buzzing round her you won't have a chance. You'll find that by this time next year she'll be the top of the fashion; and if not engaged to you, she will be to some one else. I shouldn't be surprised if Harry were after her again."

"He's engaged to that girl we saw down at Clavering."

"What matters that? Engagements can be broken as well as made. You have this great advantage over every one, except him, that you can go to her at once without doing anything out of the way. That girl that Harry has in tow may perhaps keep him away for some time."

"I tell you what, Hugh, you might as well call with me the first time."

"So that I may quarrel with her, which I certainly should do,—or, rather, she with me. No, Archie; if you're afraid to go alone, you'd better give it up."

"Afraid! I'm not afraid!"

"She can't eat you. Remember that with her you needn't stand on your p's and q's, as you would with another woman. She knows what she is about, and will understand what she has to get as well as what she is expected to give. All I can say is, that if she accepts you, Herny will consent that she shall go to Clavering as much as she pleases till the marriage takes place. It couldn't be done, I suppose, till after a year; and in that case she shall be married at Clavering."

Here was a prospect for Julia Brabazon; — to be led to the same altar, at which she had married Lord Ongar, by Archie Clavering, twelve months after her first husband's death, and little more than two years after her first wedding! The peculiarity of the position did not quite make itself apparent either to Hugh or to Archie; but there was one point which did suggest itself to the younger brother at that moment.

"I don't suppose there was anything really wrong, eh?"

"Can't say, I'm sure," said Sir Hugh.

"Because I shouldn't like!"

"If I were you I wouldn't trouble myself about that. Judge not, that you be not judged."

"Yes, that's true, to be sure," said Archie; and on that point he went forth satisfied.

But the job before him was a peculiar job, and that Archie well knew. In some inexplicable manner he put himself into the scales and weighed himself, and discovered his own weight with fair accuracy. And he put her into the scales, and he found that she was much the heavier of the two. How he did this, — how such men as Archie Clavering do it, — I cannot say; but they do weigh themselves, and know their own weight, and shove themselves aside as being too light for any real service in the world. This they do, though they may fluster with their voices, and walk about with their noses in the air, and swing their canes, and try to look as large as they may. They do not look large, and they know it; and consequently they ring the bells, and look after the horses, and shove themselves on one side, so that the heavier weights may come forth and do the work. Archie Clavering, who had duly weighed himself, could hardly bring himself to believe that Lady Ongar would be fool enough to marry him! Seven thousand a year, with a park and farm in Surrey, and give it all to him, — him, Archie Clavering, who had, so to say, no weight at all! Archie Clavering, for one, could not bring himself to believe it.

But yet Hermynie, her sister, thought it possible; and though Hermynie was, as Archie had found out by his invisible scales, lighter than Julia, still she must know something of her sister's nature. And Hugh, who was by no means light, — who was a man of weight, with money and position and firm ground beneath his feet, — he also thought that it might be so. "Faint heart never won a fair lady," said Archie to himself a dozen times, as he walked down to the Rag. The Rag was his club, and there was a

friend there whom he could consult confidentially. No; faint heart never won a fair lady; but they who repeat to themselves that adage, trying thereby to get courage, always have faint hearts for such work. Harry Clavering never thought of the proverb when he went a-wooing.

But Captain Boodle of the Rag, — for Captain Boodle always lived at the Rag when he was not at Newmarket, or at other race-courses, or in the neighbourhood of Market Harborough, — Captain Boodle knew a thing or two, and Captain Boodle was his fast friend. He would go to Boodle and arrange the campaign with him. Boodle had none of that hectoring, domineering way which Hugh never quite threw off in his intercourse with his brother. And Archie, as he went along, resolved that when Lady Ongar's money was his, and when he had a countess for his wife, he would give his elder brother a cold shoulder.

Boodle was playing pool at the Rag, and Archie joined him; but pool is a game which hardly admits of confidential intercourse as to proposed wives, and Archie was obliged to remain quiet on that subject all the afternoon. He cunningly, however, lost a little money to Boodle, for Boodle liked to win, — and engaged himself to dine at the same table with his friend. Their dinner they ate almost in silence, — unless when they abused the cook, or made to each other some pithy suggestion as to the expediency of this or that delicacy, — bearing always steadily in view the cost as well as desirability of the viands. Boodle had no shame in not having this or that because it was dear. To dine with the utmost luxury at the smallest expense was a proficiency belonging to him, and of which he was very proud.

But after a while the cloth was gone, and the heads of the two men were brought near together over the small table. Boodle did not speak a word till his brother captain had told his story, had pointed out all the advantages to be gained, explained in what peculiar way the course lay open to himself, and made the whole thing clear to his friend's eye.

"They say she's been a little queer, don't they?" said the friendly counsellor.

"Of course people talk, you know."

"Talk, yes; they're talking a doosed sight, I should say. There's no mistake about the money, I suppose?"

"Oh, none," said Archie, shaking his head vigorously. "Hugh managed all that for her, so I know it."

"She don't lose any of it because she enters herself for running again, does she?"

"Not a shilling. That's the beauty of it."

"Was you ever sweet on her before?"

"What! before Ongar took her? O laws, no. She hadn't a rap, you know;—and knew how to spend money as well as any girl in London."

"It's all to begin then, Clavvy; all the uphill work to be done?"

"Well, yes; I don't know about up-hill, Doodles. What do you mean by up-hill?"

"I mean that seven thousand a year ain't usually to be picked up merely by trotting easy along the flat. And this sort of work is very up-hill generally, I take it; unless, you know, a fellow has a fancy for it. If a fellow is really sweet on a girl, he likes it, I suppose."

"She's a doosed handsome woman, you know, Doodles."

"I don't know anything about it, except that I suppose Ongar wouldn't have taken her if she hadn't stood well on her pasterns, and had some breeding about her. I never thought much of her sister,—your brother's wife, you know,—that is in the way of looks. No doubt she runs straight, and that's a great thing. She won't go the wrong side of the post."

"As for running straight, let me alone for that."

"Well, now, Clavvy, I'll tell you what my ideas are. When a man's trying a young filly, his hands can't be too light. A touch too much will bring her on her haunches, or throw her out of her step. She should hardly feel the iron in her mouth. That's the sort of work which requires a man to know well what he's about. But when I've got to do with a trained mare, I always choose that she shall know that I'm there! Do you understand me?"

"Yes; I understand you, Doodles."

"I always choose that she shall know that I'm there." And Captain Boodle, as he repeated these manly words with a firm voice, put out his hands as though he were handling the horse's rein. "Their mouths are never so fine then, and they generally want to be brought up to the bit, d'ye see?—up to the bit. When a mare has been trained to her work, and knows what she's at in her running, she's all the better for feeling a fellow's hands as she's going. She likes it rather. It gives her confidence, and makes her know where she is. And look here, Clavvy, when she comes to her fences, give her her head; but steady her first, and make her know that you're there. Damme; whatever you do, let her know

that you're there. There's nothing like it. She'll think all the more of the fellow that's piloting her. And look here, Clavvy; ride her with spurs. Always ride a trained mare with spurs. Let her know that they're on; and if she tries to get her head, give 'em her. Yes, by George, give 'em her." And Captain Boodle in his energy twisted himself in his chair, and brought his heel round, so that it could be seen by Archie. Then he produced a sharp click with his tongue, and made the peculiar jerk with the muscle of his legs, whereby he was accustomed to evoke the agility of his horses. After that he looked triumphantly at his friend. "Give 'em her, Clavvy, and she'll like you the better for it. She'll know then that you mean it."

It was thus that Captain Boodle instructed his friend Archie Clavering how to woo Lady Ongar; and Archie, as he listened to his friend's words of wisdom, felt that he had learned a great deal. "That's the way I'll do it, Doodles," he said, "and upon my word I'm very much obliged to you."

"That's the way, you may depend on it. Let her know that you're there.—She's done the filly work before, you see; and it's no good trying that again."

Captain Clavering really believed that he had learned a good deal, and that he now knew the way to set about the work before him. What sort of spurs he was to use, and how he was to put them on, I don't think he did know; but that was a detail as to which he did not think it necessary to consult his adviser. He sat the whole evening in the smoking-room, very silent, drinking slowly iced gin-and-water; and the more he drank the more assured he felt that he now understood the way in which he was to attempt the work before him. "Let her know I'm there," he said to himself, shaking his head gently, so that no one should observe him; "yes, let her know I'm there." At this time Captain Boodle, or Doodles as he was familiarly called, had again ascended to the billiard-room and was hard at work. "Let her know that I'm there," repeated Archie, mentally. Everything was contained in that precept. And he, with his hands before him on his knees, went through the process of steadying a horse with the snuffe-rein, just touching the curb, as he did so, for security. It was but a motion of his fingers and no one could see it, but it made him confident that he had learned his lesson. "Up to the bit," he repeated; "by George, yes; up to the bit. There's nothing like it for a trained mare. Give her head, but steady her."

And Archie, as the words passed across his memory and were almost pronounced, seemed to be flying successfully over some prodigious fence. He leaned himself back a little in the saddle, and seemed to hold firm with his legs. That was the way to do it. And then the spurs! He would not forget the spurs. She should know that he wore a spur, and that if necessary, he would use it. Then he, too, gave a little click with his tongue, and an acute observer might have seen the motion of his heel.

Two hours after that he was still sitting in the smoking-room, chewing the end of a cigar, when Doodles came down victorious from the billiard-room. Archie was half asleep, and did not notice the entrance of his friend. "Let her know that you're there," said Doodles, close into Archie Clavering's ear, — "damme, let her know that you're there." Archie started and did not like the surprise, or the warm breath in his ear; but he forgave the offence for the wisdom of the words that had been spoken.

Then he walked home by himself, repeating again and again the invaluable teachings of his friend.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CAPTAIN CLAVERING MAKES HIS FIRST ATTEMPT.

DURING breakfast on the following day, — which means from the hour of one till two, for the glasses of iced gin-and-water had been many, — Archie Clavering was making up his mind that he would begin at once. He would go to Bolton Street on that day, and make an attempt to be admitted. If not admitted to-day he would make another attempt to-morrow, and, if still unsuccessful, he would write a letter; not a letter containing an offer, which according to Archie's ideas would not be letting her know that he was there in a manner sufficiently potential, — but a letter in which he would explain that he had very grave reasons for wishing to see his near and dear connexion, Lady Ongar. Soon after two he sallied out, and he also went to a hairdresser's. He was aware that in doing so he was hardly obeying his friend to the letter, as this sort of operation would come rather under the head of handling a filly with a light touch; but he thought that he could in this way, at any rate, do no harm, if he would only remember the instructions he had received when in the presence of the trained mare. It was nearly three

when he found himself in Bolton Street, having calculated that Lady Ongar might be more probably found at home than at a later hour. But when he came to the door, instead of knocking, he passed by it. He began to remember that he had not yet made up his mind by what means he would bring it about that she should certainly know that he was there. So he took a little turn up the street, away from Piccadilly, through a narrow passage that there is in those parts, and by some stables, and down into Piccadilly, and again to Bolton Street; during which little tour he had made up his mind that it could hardly become his duty to teach her that great lesson on this occasion. She must undoubtedly be taught to know that he was there, but not so taught on this, his first visit. That lesson should quickly precede his offer; and, although he had almost hoped in the interval between two of his beakers of gin-and-water on the preceding evening that he might ride the race and win it altogether during this very morning visit he was about to make, in his cooler moments he had begun to reflect that that would hardly be practicable. The mare must get a gallop before she would be in a condition to be brought out. So Archie knocked at the door, intending merely to give the mare a gallop if he should find her in to-day.

He gave his name, and was shown at once up into Lady Ongar's drawing-room. Lady Ongar was not there, but she soon came down, and entered the room with a smile on her face and with an outstretched hand. Between the man-servant who took the captain's name, and the maid-servant who carried it up to her mistress, — but who did not see the gentleman before she did so, there had arisen some mistake, and Lady Ongar, as she came down from her chamber above expected that she was to meet another man. Harry Clavering, she thought, had come to her at last. "I'll be down at once," Lady Ongar had said, dismissing the girl and then standing for a moment before her mirror as she smoothed her hair, obliterated as far as it might be possible the ugliness of her cap, and shook out the folds of her dress. A countess, a widow, a woman of the world who had seen enough to make her composed under all circumstances, one would say, — a trained mare as Doodles had called her, — she stood before her glass doubting and trembling like a girl, when she heard that Harry Clavering was waiting for her below. We may surmise that she would have spared herself some of this trouble had she known the real name of her

visitor. Then, as she came slowly down the stairs, she reflected how she would receive him. He had stayed away from her, and she would be cold to him, — cold and formal as she had been on the railway platform. She knew well how to play that part. Yes; it was his turn now to show some eagerness of friendship, if there was ever to be anything more than friendship between them. But she changed all this as she put her hand upon the lock of the door. She would be honest to him, — honest and true. She was in truth glad to see him, and he should know it. What cared she now for the common ways of women and the usual coynesses of feminine coquetry. She told herself also, in language somewhat differing from that which Doodles had used, that her silly days were gone by, and that she was now a trained mare. All this passed through her mind as her hand was on the door; and then she opened it, with a smiling face and ready hand, to find herself in the presence of — Captain Archie Clavering.

The captain was sharp-sighted enough to observe the change in her manner. The change, indeed, was visible enough, and was such that it at once knocked out of Archie's breast some portion of the courage with which his friend's lessons had inspired him. The outstretched hand fell slowly to her side, the smile gave place to a look of composed dignity which made Archie at once feel that the fate which called upon him to woo a countess, was in itself hard. And she walked slowly into the room before she spoke to him, or he to her.

"Captain Clavering!" she said at last, and there was much more of surprise than of welcome in her words as she uttered them.

"Yes, Lady On —, Julia, that is; I thought I might as well come and call, as I found we weren't to see you at Clavering when we were all there at Easter." When she had been living in his brother's house as one of the family he had called her Julia, as Hugh had done. The connection between them had been close, and it had come naturally to him to do so. He had thought much of this since his present project had been initiated, and had strongly resolved not to lose the advantage of his former familiarity. He had very nearly broken down at the onset, but, as the reader will have observed, had recovered himself.

"You are very good," she said; and then as he had been some time standing with his right hand presented to her, she just touched it with her own.

"There's nothing I hate so much as stuff

and nonsense," said Archie. To this remark she simply bowed, remaining awfully quiet. Captain Clavering felt that her silence was in truth awful. She had always been good at talking, and he had paused for her to say something; but when she bowed to him in that stiff manner, — "doosed stiff she was; doosed stiff, and impudent too," he told Doodles afterwards; — he knew that he must go on himself. "Stuff and nonsense is the mischief, you know." Then she bowed again. "There's been something the matter with them all down at Clavering since you came home, Julia; but hang me if I can find out what it is!" Still she was silent. "It ain't Hermý; that I must say. Hermý always speaks of you as though there had never been anything wrong." This assurance, we may say, must have been flattering to the lady whom he was about to court.

"Hermý was always too good to me," said Lady Ongar, smiling.

"By George, she always does. If there's anything wrong it's been with Hugh; and, by George, I don't know what it is he was up to when you first came home. It wasn't my doing; — of course you know that."

"I never thought that anything was your doing, Captain Clavering."

"I think Hugh had been losing money; I do indeed. He was like a bear with a sore head just at that time. There was no living in the house with him. I dare say Hermý may have told you all about that."

"Hermione is not by nature so communicative as you are, Captain Clavering."

"Isn't she? I should have thought between sisters —; but of course that's no business of mine." Again she was silent, awfully silent, and he became aware that he must either get up and go away or carry on the conversation himself. To do either seemed to be equally difficult, and for a while he sat there almost gasping in his misery. He was quite aware that as yet he had not made her know that he was there. He was not there, as he well knew, in his friend Doodles' sense of the word. "At any rate there isn't any good in quarrelling, is there, Julia?" he said at last. Now that he had asked a question, surely she must speak.

"There is great good sometimes I think," said she, "in people remaining apart and not seeing each other. Sir Hugh Clavering has not quarrelled with me, that I am aware. Indeed, since my marriage there have been no means of quarrelling between us. But I think it quite as well that he and I should not come together."

"But he particularly wants you to go to Clavering."

"Has he sent you here as his messenger?"

"Sent me! oh dear no; nothing of that sort. I have come altogether on my own hook. If Hugh wants a messenger he must find some one else. But you and I were always friends you know,"—at this assertion she opened her large eyes widely, and simply smiled;—"and I thought that perhaps you might be glad to see me if I called. That was all."

"You are very good, Captain Clavering."

"I couldn't bear to think that you should be here in London, and that one shouldn't see anything of you or know anything about you. Tell me now; is there anything I can do for you? Do you want anybody to settle anything for you in the city?"

"I think not, Captain Clavering; thank you very much."

"Because I should be so happy; I should indeed. There's nothing I should like so much as to make myself useful in some way. Isn't there anything now? There must be so much to be looked after,—about money and all that."

"My lawyer does all that, Captain Clavering."

"Those fellows are such harpies. There is no end to their charges; and all for doing things that would only be a pleasure to me."

"I'm afraid I can't employ you in any matter that would suit your tastes."

"Can't you indeed, now?" Then again there was a silence, and Captain Clavering was beginning to think that he must go. He was willing to work hard at talking or anything else; but he could not work if no ground for starting were allowed to him. He thought he must go, though he was aware that he had not made even the slightest preparation for future obedience to his friend's precepts. He began to feel that he had commenced wrongly. He should have made her know that he was there from the first moment of her entrance into the room. He must retreat now in order that he might advance with more force on the next occasion. He had just made up his mind to this and was doubting how he might best get himself out of his chair with the purpose of going, when sudden relief came in the shape of another visitor. The door was thrown open and Madame Gordeloup was announced.

"Well, my angel," said the little woman, running up to her friend and kissing her on either side of her face. Then she turned round as though she had only just seen the strange gentleman, and curtsied to him. Captain Clavering holding his hat in both his hands bowed to the little woman.

"My sister's brother-in-law, Captain Clavering," said Lady Ongar. "Madame Gordeloup."

Captain Clavering bowed again. "Ah, Sir Oo's brother," said Madame Gordeloup.

"I am very glad to see Captain Clavering; and is your sister come?"

"No; my sister is not come."

"Lady Clavering is not in town this spring," said the captain.

"Ah, not in town! Then I do pity her. There is only de one place to live in, and that is London, for April, May, and June. Lady Clavering is not coming to London?"

"Her little boy isn't quite the thing," said the captain.

"Not quite de ting?" said the Franco-Pole in an inquiring voice, not exactly understanding the gentleman's language.

"My little nephew is ill, and my sister does not think it wise to bring him to London."

"Ah; that is a pity. And Sir Oo? Sir Oo is in London?"

"Yes," said the captain; "my brother has been up some time."

"And his lady left alone in the country? Poor lady! But your English ladies like the country. They are fond of the fields and the daisies. So they say; but I think often they lie. Me; I like the houses, and the people, and the pavé. The fields are damp, and I love not rheumatism at all." Then the little woman shrugged her shoulders and shook herself. "Tell us the truth, Julie; which do you like best, the town or the country?"

"Whichever I'm not in, I think."

"Ah, just so. Whichever you are not in at present. That is because you are still idle. You have not settled yourself!" At this reference to the possibility of Lady Ongar settling herself, Captain Clavering pricked up his ears, and listened eagerly for what might come next. He only knew of one way in which a young woman without a husband could settle herself. "You must wait, my dear, a little longer, just a little longer, till the time of your trouble has passed by."

"Don't talk such nonsense, Sophie," said the countess.

"Ah, my dear, it is no nonsense. I am always telling her, Captain Clavering, that she must go through this black, troublesome time as quick as she can; and then nobody will enjoy the town so much as de rich and beautiful Lady Ongar. Is it not so, Captain Clavering?"

Archie thought that the time had now come for him to say something pretty, so that his love might begin to know that he

was there. "By George, yes, there'll be nobody so much admired when she comes out again. There never was anybody so much admired before,—before,—that is, when you were Julia Brabason, you know; and I shouldn't wonder if you didn't come out quite as strong as ever."

"As strong!" said the Franco-Pole. "A woman that has been married is always more admired than a meess."

"Sophie, might I ask you and Captain Clavering to be a little less personal."

"There is noting I hate so much as your meesses," continued Madame Gordeloup; "noting! Your English meesses give themselves such airs. Now in Paris, or in dear Vienna, or in St. Petersburg, they are not like that at all. There they are nobodies—they are nobodies; but then they will be something very soon, which is to be better. Your English meess is so much and so grand; she never can be greater and grander. So when she is a mamma, she lives down in the country by herself, and looks after de pills and de powders. I don't like that. I don't like that at all. No; if my husband had put me into the country to look after de pills and de powders, he should have had them all, all—himself, when he came to see me." As she said this with great energy, she opened her eyes wide, and looked full into Archie's face.

Captain Clavering, who was sitting with his hat in his two hands between his knees, stared at the little foreigner. He had heard before of women poisoning their husbands, but never had heard a woman advocate the system as expedient. Nor had he often heard a woman advocate any system with the vehemence which Madame Gordeloup now displayed on this matter, and with an allusion which was so very pointed to the special position of his own sister-in-law. Did Lady Ongar agree with her? He felt as though he should like to know his Julia's opinions on that matter.

"Sophie, Captain Clavering will think you are in earnest," said the countess, laughing.

"So I am—in earnest. It is all wrong. You boil all the water out of de pot before you put the gigot into it. So the gigot is no good, is tough and dry, and you shut it up in an old house in the country. Then, to make matters pretty, you talk about de fields and de daisies. I know. 'Thank you,' I should say. 'De fields and de daisies are so nice and so good! Suppose you go down, my love, and walk in de fields, and pick de daisies, and send them up to me by de railway!' Yes, that is what I would say."

Captain Clavering was now quite in the

dark, and began to regard the little woman as a lunatic. When she spoke of the pot and the gigot he vainly endeavoured to follow her; and now that she had got among the daisies he was more at a loss than ever. Fruit, vegetables, and cut flowers came up, he knew, to London regularly from Clavering, when the family was in town;—but no daisies. In France it must, he supposed, be different. He was aware, however, of his ignorance, and said nothing.

"No one ever did try to shut you up, Sophie!"

"No, indeed; M. Gordeloup knew better. What would he do if I were shut up? And no one will ever shut you up, my dear. If I were you, I would give no one a chance."

"Don't say that," said the captain, almost passionately; "don't say that."

"Ha, ha! but I do say it. Why should a woman who has got everything marry again—if she wants de fields and de daisies she has got them of her own—yes, of her own. If she wants de town, she has got that too. Jewels,—she can go and buy them. Coaches,—there they are. Parties,—one, two, three, every night, as many as she please. Gentlemen who will be her humble slaves; such a plenty,—all London. Or, if she want to be alone, no one can come near her. Why should she marry? No."

"But she might be in love with somebody," said the Captain, in a surprised but humble tone.

"Love! Bah! Be in love, so that she may be shut up in an old barrack with de powders!" The way in which that word barrack was pronounced, and the middle letters sounded, almost lifted the captain off his seat. "Love is very pretty at seventeen, when the imagination is telling a parcel of lies, and when life is one dream. To like people,—oh, yes; to be very fond of your friends,—oh, yes; to be most attached,—as I am to my Julie,"—here she got hold of Lady Ongar's hand,— "it is the salt of life! But what you call love, booing and cooing, with rhymes and verses about de moon, is to go back to pap and panade, and what you call bibs. No; if a woman wants a house, and de something to live on, let her marry a husband; or if a man want to have children, let him marry a wife. But to be shut up in a country house, when everything you have got of your own,—I say it is bad."

Captain Clavering was heartily sorry that he had mentioned the fact of his sister-in-law being left at home at Clavering Park. It was most unfortunate. How could he make it understood that if he were married

he would not think of shutting his wife up at Ongar Park? "Lady Clavering, you know, does come to London generally," he said.

"Bah!" exclaimed the little Franco-Pole.

"And as for me, I never should be happy, if I were married, unless I had my wife with me everywhere," said Captain Clavering.

"Bah-ah-ah!" ejaculated the lady.

Captain Clavering could not endure this any longer. He felt that the manner of the lady was, to say the least of it, unpleasant, and he perceived that he was doing no good to his own cause. So he rose from his chair and muttered some words with the intention of showing his purpose of departure.

"Good-by, Captain Clavering," said Lady Ongar. "My love to my sister when you see her."

Archie shook hands with her and then made his bow to Madame Gordeloup.

"An revoir, my friend," she said, "and you remember all I say. It is not good for de wife to be all alone in the country, while de husband walk about in the town and make an eye to every lady he see." Archie would not trust himself to renew the argument, but bowing again, made his way off.

"He was come for one admirer," said Sophie, as soon as the door was closed.

"An admirer of whom?"

"Not of me;—oh, no; I was not in danger at all."

"Of me? Captain Clavering! Sophie, you get your head full of the strangest nonsense."

"Ah; very well. You see. What will you give me if I am right? Will you bet? Why had he got on his new gloves, and had his head all smelling with stuff from de hair-dresser? Does he come always perfumed like that? Does he wear shiny little boots to walk about in de morning, and make an eye always? Perhaps yes."

"I never saw his boots or his eyes."

"But I see them. I see many things. He come to have Ongere Park for his own. I tell you, yes. Ten thousand will come to have Ongere Park. Why not? To have Ongere Park and all de money a man will make himself smell a great deal."

"You think much more about all that than is necessary."

"Do I, my dear? Very well. There are three already. There is Edouard, and there is this Clavering who you say is a captain; and there is the other Clavering who goes with his nose in the air, and who think himself a clever fellow because he learned

his lesson to school and did not get himself whipped. He will be whipped yet some day,—perhaps."

"Sophie, hold your tongue. Captain Clavering is my sister's brother-in-law, and Harry Clavering is my friend."

"Ah, friend! I know what sort of friend he wants to be. How much better to have a park and plenty of money than to work in a ditch and make a railway! But he do not know the way with a woman. Perhaps he may be more at home, as you say, in the ditch. I should say to him, 'My friend, you will do well in de ditch if you work hard;—suppose you stay there.'"

"You don't seem to like my cousin, and if you please, we will talk no more about him."

"Why should I not like him? He don't want to get any money from me."

"That will do, Sophie."

"Very well: it shall do for me. But this other man that come here to-day. He is a fool."

"Very likely."

"He did not learn his lesson without whipping."

"Nor with whipping either."

"No; he have learned nothing. He does not know what to do with his hat. He is a fool. Come, Julie, will you take me out for a drive. It is melancholy for you to go alone; I came to ask you for a drive. Shall we go?" And they did go, Lady Ongar and Sophie Gordeloup together. Lady Ongar, as she submitted, despised herself for her submission; but what was she to do? It is sometimes very difficult to escape from the meshes of friendship.

Captain Clavering, when he left Bolton Street, went down to his club, having first got rid of his shining boots and new gloves. He sauntered up into the billiard-room knowing that his friend would be there, and there he found Doodles with his coat off, the sleeves of his shirt turned back, and armed with his cue. His brother captain, the moment that he saw him, presented the cue at his breast. "Does she know you're there, old fellow; I say, does she know you're there?" The room was full of men, and the whole thing was done so publicly that Captain Clavering was almost offended.

"Come, Doodles, you go on with your game," said he; "it's you to play." Doodles turned to the table, and scientifically pocketed the ball on which he played; then he laid his own ball close under the cushion, picked up a shilling and put it into his waistcoat pocket, holding a lighted cigar in his

mouth the while, and then he came back to his friend. "Well, Clavvy, how has it been?"

"Oh, nothing as yet, you know."

"Haven't you seen her?"

"Yes, I've seen her, of course. I'm not the fellow to let the grass grow under my feet. I've only just come from her house."

"Well, well?"

"That's nothing much to tell the first day, you know."

"Did you let her know you were there? That's the chat. Damme, did you let her know you were there?"

In answer to this Archie attempted to explain that he was not as yet quite sure that he had been successful in that particular; but in the middle of his story Captain Doodles was called off to exercise his skill again, and on this occasion to pick up two shillings. "I'm sorry for you, Griggs," he said, as a very young lieutenant, whose last life he had taken, put up his cue with a look of ineffable disgust, and whose shilling Doodles had pocketed; "I'm sorry for you, very; but a fellow must play the game, you know." Whereupon Griggs walked out of the room with a gait that seemed to show that he had his own ideas upon that matter, though he did not choose to divulge them. Doodles

instantly returned to his friend. "With cattle of that kind it's no use trying the waiting dodge," said he. "You should make your running at once, and trust to bottom to carry you through."

"But there was a horrid little French woman came in?"

"What; a servant?"

"No; a friend. Such a creature! You should have heard her talk. A kind of confidential friend she seemed, who called her Julie. I had to go away and leave her there, of course."

"Ah! you'll have to tip that woman."

"What, with money?"

"I shouldn't wonder."

"It would come very expensive."

"A tenner now and then, you know. She would do your business for you. Give her a brooch first, and then offer to lend her the money. You'd find she'll rise fast enough, if you're any hand for throwing a fly."

"Oh! I could do it, you know."

"Do it then, and let'em both know that you're there. Yes, Parkyns, I'll divide. And, Clavvy, you can come in now in Griggs' place." Then Captain Clavering stripped himself for the battle.

PERHAPS it is owing to the case of Mrs. Ryves, perhaps to other reasons, that the subject of morganatic marriages is much talked of at the present moment, and people are curious to know what sort of marriage that can be which confers on the wife and children neither the rank of the husband and father nor the inheritance of his possessions. So much we know of its characteristics, but the special point of interest with regard to it is whether it satisfies the conscience without binding the parties; or, in plain words, whether a man who has married morganatically can put his wife away and marry again. A

morganatic marriage is not sanctioned either by the Church of England or the Church of Rome. It would seem to be a matrimonial device for the convenience of German princes, to whom we believe it is confined; and the reason for it would appear to be that, as Germany supplies so many royal houses with consorts, a prince should not be allowed to bind himself by so tight a matrimonial knot as to shut himself out from the hospitality of a more advantageous offer. The convenience of such an arrangement is obvious; its morality is another matter. — *London Review*.

From the Spectator.

THE BATTLE OF KONIGGRATZ.

THE great battle in Bohemia, which at the first blush seemed decisive of the war, is to be known in history as the battle of Königgrätz. But it was really fought on the left bank of the Bistritz, seven miles from that fortress, and as the fatal blow was delivered against the Austrian army at the village of Chlum, that village appears to have the best claim to the honour of giving its name to the victory. The Prussians have determined otherwise, and have named the action after the fortress which overlooked nearly the whole scene of the battle.

The Bistritz is a small stream that, rising to the north of Miletin, flows in a southerly and then westerly direction parallel to the Elbe. Opposite Königgrätz it meanders through a shallow valley, amidst wooded slopes, numerous villages, and well cultivated fields. The hills and slopes on the eastern bank formed the Austrian position. The village of Lipa stood on the high ground in the centre. To the northward of that point stretched the right, through the undulating ground as far as Benatek, on the western slope, and the extreme right trended back somewhat towards the Elbe at Smirlintz. Between Lipa and this village, and in rear of Benatek, stood the village of Chlum. The high road from Gitschin crosses the Bistritz at Sadowa, down in the valley, ascends the hill to Lipa, and thence goes in a southeasterly direction to Königgrätz. The space between this road and Benatek is partly filled by a wood, but in other parts the hill sides and tops were open. To the left of Lipa the ridge passes on in a southerly direction towards Nechanitz, a place seven miles below Sadowa. Between Nechanitz and Lipa are the villages of Dohalitz and Mokrowens, between these latter stands a castle on the river brink, and between Dohalitz and Lipa, quite up to the main road, a thick wood, running down the hill-side towards the river. On the opposite bank of the Bistritz was a corresponding range of undulating hills, over which ran the high road to Sadowa, and behind this ridge was the Prussian army under Prince Charles.

This was the field selected by General Benedek upon which to fight a decisive battle. It had been carefully surveyed and partially entrenched. The trees on the wood above Sadowa had been cut down, and their tops and branches set towards the enemy. Behind this abatis, on the higher ground towards Lipa, were regularly con-

structed field works, with embrasures for guns and cover for infantry. Taught by the severe conflicts in open ground about Skalititz and Trautenau, the Austrian General had determined to find some compensation for an inferior armament by using the spade. Part of the position on the right, but obviously not the whole, was also entrenched, and thus, with the aid of woods and earthworks, Benedek hoped to win. He occupied this position with seven corps, the Saxons, an immense body of horse, and upwards of 500 guns, the whole force amounting perhaps to something less than 200,000 men. The extreme left, towards Nechanitz, in strong ground fronting the lakes of the Bistritz, were the Saxons, having as a reserve the 8th corps. The 10th stood in and behind Mokrowens, having on its right the 3rd, reaching to the wood and high road. Next, in the centre, stood the 4th, having the 2nd on its right, and in rear as a reserve, to the centre and right, were the 6th and 1st, and the mass of the glittering horsemen, four strong divisions. The artillery was skillfully disposed along the front and on the flanks of the divisions, with strong reserves below the interior slope. The outposts of course extended to the river along the whole front. This was an imposing array, planted on strong ground, and by several thousands numerically superior to the Prussian army, as yet hidden from view, but numerically inferior to the great host of the combined armies, which skillful brains were bringing to bear on front, flank, and rear. For not only had Prince Charles come up to the Bistritz from Gitschin with 150,000 men and 750 guns, but, though General Benedek appears not to have known it, the Crown Prince, with upwards of 100,000 men and guns in proportion, was marching southward between the Bistritz and the Elbe, square to the right flank of the Austrian line of battle.

Assured of the potent aid of the Crown Prince by noon, Prince Charles brought nearly three-fourths of his troops up to the Bistritz on both sides of Sadowa, upon a front corresponding to that of the Austrians, and sent the remainder under General Herwarth through Smidar and New Bidezow to turn the left of the Austrians through Nechanitz. Thus the Prussian tactical combination was most powerful. It appeared to aim at nothing less than enveloping the Austrians, by turning both flanks, and this great result was nearly accomplished. But we may conjecture that the movement of Herwarth was intended to draw attention towards that side, in order that the coming

attack of the Crown Prince might take place under the most favourable circumstances, and to give Herwarth a position whence he might cut in on the Austrian line of retreat. That line of retreat was south-east to Königgrätz and the Elbe, over which several bridges had been thrown, and southwards towards Pardubitz, at the elbow of the river.

The action began about half-past seven by dropping shots, followed by a severe cannonade, kept up with great vigour for nearly three hours. The Prussians brought to bear a great superiority of guns, and gradually drove the Austrian artillery to positions on the higher ground. During this period there was no infantry battle, but, covered by the cannonade, the Prussians had got their men close to the stream ready for a rush. About ten o'clock the columns were set in motion, Benedek was set on fire and stormed, but the Prussians, breech-loaders notwithstanding, were a full hour engaged in a close contest before they could expel the Austrians from the other villages in the valley. General Herwarth, too, had come into action, but he made comparatively little progress against the Saxons until towards the close of the day. The chief encounter was on a line about a mile to the right and left of Sadowa. For when the Austrians were thrust out of the villages they retired but a little way up the slopes, and there stood fast, until they were again pressed further back through the woods on both flanks of Sadowa, but they could not be expelled from the great entrenched wood above that village. The fight now became stationary, the breech-loader did not tell so heavily in the thickets, and the Austrian artillery filled the Prussian half of the woods with shells and steady musketry. The first troops engaged were exhausted, and fresh divisions sent in made a spirited dash, but were speedily brought up, and even compelled to give ground. It was now past noon. The Prussians were across the Bistritz in a long concave line. The Austrian front of battle was convex, the salient being the wood above Sadowa. They were very confident of winning, and their swarms of splendid cavalry were eagerly, but patiently, waiting in the plains below for the signal to burst forth upon the heels of a beaten army. The Prussians had become anxious. There were no signs of the Crown Prince, none, that is, visible to them. The infantry had been drawn out of the battle under cover, and even the batteries were giving ground. The line of the fight was marked by burning villages, and by clouds of smoke

hovering low among the woods and along the fields. For the air was damp and heavy; showers fell occasionally. But though the infantry fight was brought to a stand the thunder of the guns was incessant, and the horrid tumult, of battle filled the country around for miles.

While the Austrians were calculating that a little more would give them a striking triumph, and while the Prussians were preparing for the worst, an unseen foe was making ready for a decisive spring upon the very heart of the position. The Crown Prince, true to his promise, had brought his army down between the Elbe and the Bistritz, and had arrived with two corps close to the fatal spot before twelve o'clock. But he did not attack because his remaining two corps were still on the march, and he meant his blow to be deadly. Benedek had been informed that there were Prussian troops on his right as soon as they arrived. What orders he gave does not appear, except that some cavalry were pushed up to Chlum. About an hour later he went himself from Lipa towards the right, but seemed satisfied, for he returned. All the time an artillery engagement had been in progress on that side, but no infantry attack or show of infantry in great force. Meantime it is stated that the 4th corps had made a forward movement, and that the 2nd had conformed; but if this were done, it left a weak point in the line, and that point the vital one about Chlum. Now the 1st corps under Clam-Gallas was the reserve here, and it does not appear that this body was advanced into the comparative gap. Be that as it may, here was a weakly held point leading directly into the rear of the Austrian centre. And it was soon seized. For the Crown Prince, having been joined by his other two corps, pushed forward along the whole line from the railway, which descends the right bank of the Elbe to the rear of the Austrian right. Mass after mass came out of the hollows and crowned the ridges. The force was equal to one-half the Austrian army, and to oppose it there were only two Austrian corps and the horsemen. Onward swept this torrent of men, covered by a powerful artillery. Effectual resistance was impossible. The Austrian infantry were met by that "fire of surprising volume and quickness" which denotes the presence of the breech-loader; they tried to use the bayonet, but could not reach their enemies. General Benedek hurried up into the midst of this tempest, and it is said of him that, seeing the battle lost, he sought death in the foremost ranks as Ney sought it at Waterloo, but in vain.

At the very moment when he thought victory was about to reward his efforts, lo! there was defeat, perhaps utter ruin. He rode off to draw his army out of the jaws of destruction. The Prussians did not give him time. The army of Prince Charles, hearing the loud roar of the Crown Prince's battle surging along the Austrian rear, sprang forward, and bore down all before them. Rushing through the Austrian position, they crowned the hills, brought up their artillery to hurl shells into the mass, retiring across the valley, and launched their cavalry in pursuit. But it is recorded by a military eye-witness that the Austrian artillery, which had behaved with shining courage all day, now disputed the road on every ridge, while both cavalry and infantry ever and anon choked the Prussian horse. And although five hours still went by before the last shot was fired, yet the Austrian army was thoroughly beaten, with heavy loss of guns and killed and wounded—altogether 180 guns, it is said, and 40,000 men. The fugitives streamed over the Elbe by the bridges prepared by military foresight, and away down the river to Pardubitz, and so by devious routes towards Brünn. The sun went down over the flaming field, and a great empire had been shaken to its centre.

General Benedek has met with an unquestionable defeat upon the field of battle. We are still too ill informed respecting the whole conduct of the campaign to determine how much that defeat was due to imperfect strategy, to defective tactics, and to an inferior armament. For our part, on the first head, we are still disposed to believe that in principle Benedek adopted the right mode of defending the Empire. It was reasonable to believe that he could prevent the Crown Prince from forcing his way by Nachod and Tautenau, and hold him fast while he overwhelmed Prince Charles. That he could have defeated Prince Charles, we admit, is doubtful; but in principle he was right in trying to keep back the Crown Prince, while he turned with all the troops he could muster on his cousin. Had he thrown part of his army forward to Reichenberg, and kept the rest near Josephstadt, he must have been beaten, for it is an established fact that a mountain frontier is the most difficult of all to defend, and that he who tries it runs the risk of a defeat in detail. He was therefore right to show only a front towards Reichenberg, and to hold his main body in a

central position. Count Clam-Gallas ought not to have fought battles either at Munchengrätz or Gitschin, but on the other hand everything was to be done that could be done to stop and defeat the Crown Prince. What was it, then, errors of strategy and tactics apart, which turned the scale so decisively but the formidable breech-loader? Nowhere, even with the odds of men in their favour, could the Austrians stand up and fight without cover. On the Bistritz alone did they entrench, and there, it is true, their entrenchments stood them in good stead, and made them a match for Prince Charles. But even there, when the infantry fight got into the open, the poor muzzle-loader stood no chance. At the Bistritz, as at Nachod and Trautenau, the Austrians were outnumbered as well as outarmed, if we may use such a term, and the tactical combination which ruined the host was a direct consequence of the superiority which the new weapon had established for itself on every point. One simple question disposes of the whole cavil about the influence of the breech-loader on the campaign. What would have been the result, not at the Bistritz, but in the preliminary fights, had the Austrians been also armed with breech-loaders? We are far from imputing the decisive successes of the Prussians to mechanical appliances alone. The military skill of the Prussians is conspicuous, but it is not more conspicuous than the other facts, that the Prussians were one-fourth superior in number, and were armed with a musket at least three times as effective as that opposed to it. "A defensive position at Brünn or at Olmutz," says a military eye-witness, "may be successful for a time, but nothing can compensate for inferiority of weapons. . . . In a great battle which has occurred the artillery fire on our side was sufficient to cause great loss to the enemy, and even to give this [the Austrian] army the advantage for some time, but when it came to close quarters the breech-loading small arm prevailed over courage, strength, and an obstinate adherence to old principles of war." That is the fact, let the strategists say what they will, which this nation *must* bear in mind. A good general we may or may not have, but it is utterly unpardonable, if after this Bohemian experience, we have not what we can so easily get, the very best arm for our infantry soldiers.

From the Spectator.

THE STORM IN THE AIR.

THE atmosphere is clearing a little. In the beginning of the week the public was bewildered by a storm of contradictory telegrams, rumours, messages, and Viennese inventions, until it scarcely knew what to believe or whom to credit; but the Prussian Government, not having to dread its subjects, has adopted the policy of frankness, and the fog is slowly rising from the immediate horizon. It is possible at last to trace an outline of the position which shall at all events seem to be intelligible. The Emperor Napoleon has stepped down into the fray, and it rests with him now to give the signal either for a peace which may be followed by disarmaments, or for a war which will envelope Europe, and may include ourselves. It has been understood for some days that his intervention would not be long delayed, for, as we pointed out last week, a current of events has set in menacing both to the position of France in Europe and the prestige of her ruler. The unexpected completeness of the Prussian success, the sudden revelation of her power for battle, the increased audacity of her political designs, have alarmed as well as irritated a Sovereign who desires before all things to remain arbiter of peace and war. When therefore the Kaiser by ceding Venetia implored the Emperor's good offices, Napoleon seized his occasion with alacrity, and proposed an armistice, not only to Italy, but to Prussia, — an armistice to be followed by a European congress. England, impatient of a war which interrupts her prosperity, followed on the same side, and the advice was strongly supported from St Petersburg, where the Czar sees the hereditary policy of his House, of protecting the minor Princes of Germany, in danger of overthrow. In presence of so formidable an array the statesmen of Prussia paused, firstly, to see if Italy would be bribed; secondly, to hear what bases would seem acceptable to the Emperor of the French. It soon, however, appeared that Italy, so far from deserting Prussia, was intensely irritated by the cession of Venetia to a neutral power, ready, if need were, and her ally proved faithful, to carry on war in defiance of the Emperor's prohibition. It was also evident that France was not inclined to offer as much as the Prussian Government considered to be its due. How much that may be is still obscure. According to one series of statements Prussia, elated with victory, and aware of the powerful hold she has acquired

over the mind of Germany, is striving for what professors call unity, that is, the expulsion of Austria from Germany, and the union of all Germans outside the Hereditary States into one Confederation, of which she would in all foreign affairs retain the sole control. The eldest Hohenzollern would then be Emperor of Germany, with thirty-five millions of subjects, a compact territory, and a peace army of half a million of men — a most formidable power. According to a second series of accounts, however, including one published in the official journal of Berlin, Prussia might be content to form an united North German Empire, stretching from Jutland to the frontier which may be very roughly described as that of the Main, thus including Germany, minus the Hereditary States, and also minus Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden, and Bohemia, which though not German by population has for ages followed German fortunes and exercised a German vote. To which of these two schemes Napoleon has objected is not yet known. If to the former, he is right; Prussia has become *tête exaltée* with success, and a European coalition to prevent the rise of an overwhelming Continental power has become inevitable. The wickedness of Prussia in provoking such a contest in order to force on prematurely a union not desired by the South, not justified by history, and not rendered indispensable by geographical circumstances, is beyond all question, and will accelerate the ultimate failure. European statesmen, with Germans on every throne but one, will not endure the rise in their midst of a German power equal to a war against a coalition of all the remaining powers, guided by men fearless of aggression, and animated by an intense desire to reach at once the Atlantic, the Sound, and the North Sea. And even less practical speculators will perceive that, with united Germany all around her, Austria would in the end lose her Germanic states, and with them all power of civilizing her Danubian Empire.

But if it is the second plan to which the Emperor has objected, then he in his turn is unreasonable, and contemptuous of the popular will. Prussia is in actual possession of North Germany, with the acquiescence of its people. She is sure if she appeals to them of an honest plebiscitum in her favour, is able, should the foreigner intervene, to raise a levy of the whole population from Jutland to the Main. No one is injured by her annexations except a contemptible caste who have for generations defeated the aspirations of millions, who have not had

the heart to fight on their own soil for their own pretensions, and for whom no human being not bound by military honour has ever raised a hand. The empire formed by their expulsion would not, moreover, be dangerous to the world. Its population would be about four millions less than that of France, four millions less than that of Austria without her Southern allies, and thirty-four millions less than that of Russia. It would no doubt be homogeneous, civilized, and rich, but nations are not to be punished for being national, not to be dismembered because they are cultivated, not to be invaded because their treasures are full. The breech-loader once universal, the equilibrium would be perfect, while France would be less dictatorial, Russia less menacing, Austria compelled to direct her disposition to aggression towards the only point where it can be beneficial — the half-civilized Turkish Peninsula. For Prussia to be content with less than this would be immoral as well as weak. She has taken the lead in a vast war, and she must justify that tremendous risk by a result adequate to the suffering it involves. That result is the formation of a great and progressive empire, with a free and noble national life, and it is not to be secured by any revival of the Confederation of the Rhine, any creation of minute States between herself and Austria. Hegemony is a mere delusion. Every Prince allowed to retain any portion whatever of sovereign authority will be a centre of disaffection, an agent either for Austria or France, a dangerous instrument in the hands of the reaction. The Hanoverian will be a vassal of the Bonapartes, the Saxon an outlying picket of the Hapsburgs, the Hessian a centre for that party which dreads above all things German freedom under a strong German race of Kings. Better after long battles to lose the Rhine than to allow these men, with their incurable habits of thought, and cosmopolitan consciences, and insufferable social pretensions, to divide Germany once more into mummocks, and dissipate in the useless cultivation of petty patriotisms the force which might evolve a magnificent national life. The Princes which stood with Prussia must of course be compensated, and the means of compensation are abundant, the vast Crown domains of a dozen wealthy, if feeble, dynasties. They may be filled with estates to satiety, but every vestige of independence, if it be but the power of ordering a court dress or of kicking a merchant for not being quick enough to uncover, is so much safety subtracted from the new and greater régime.

Prussia extended to the Main, either as sovereign or suzerain, is the just result of the fifty-one years of preparation which ended in the triumph of Sadowa.

The evidence is not yet complete, but after collating carefully the declarations made by all the Powers engaged, this seems to us to be also the Prussian determination. Her rulers have determined to absorb Hanover, Saxony, the Hesses, and the Elbe Duchies, and to claim suzerainty, if not to the Main, at least to Frankfort, Bavaria, and Bohemia, whether France sanctions or forbids that great design. If Napoleon sanctions it she may obtain the coveted coal-mines of Sarrebrücke, with Landau, and possibly Sardinia; if he forbids it, Prussia can raise universal North Germany in a war to the death against the foreigner, and has half a million of soldiers armed with the needle gun to serve as a nucleus to the nation. She may also have the alliance, and on the Austrian side the aid, of Italy, Baron Ricasoli having, it is now evident, refused, with the assent of the entire nation, to accept Venetia as an alms. Cialdini with 100,000 men is already across the Po, the Austrians have destroyed the fortifications at Rovigo, and the main body of the Austrian army is in full movement to reinforce Vienna. At the same moment we hear that the Prussians have occupied Prague. It is clear that nothing but force will now arrest the allies, and it remains with the Emperor of the French to decide whether he will use force or not. The conflict in his mind must be great, for the resolution to be taken within the next few days involves the future alike of Europe and the dynasty. If he remains passive he gains indeed some small extensions of territory on the mainland and a valuable island possession, but he loses his prestige as arbiter, and sees a Northern Germany fairly made, while France, instead of being the supreme power in Europe, becomes one among many nearly or quite co-ordinate States. This change of position will be a severe blow to his pride, the more so as it will have been produced by his own policy, be in fact the result of his own most cherished plans. If, on the other hand, he refuses to remain quiescent, he plunges into a war with a power at least as great as himself, in which defeat would cost him his throne, and victory be only obtained after long and terrible campaigns against an enemy who can for the moment take five lives for one, whom he must attack from the least favourable side, and who may by a democratic appeal call an entire nation

to arms. In this war, too, he may be left with only one ally, for Italy cannot attack Prussia, England is not about to waste armies in order that France should be the first power in the world, and Russia, though no doubt annoyed at the immense increase in Prussian power, dreads the "Chief of the Revolution" far more than a State pledged by its history to maintain the partition of Poland intact. Finally, France, though ready to defend either her honour or her position, does not want war, and the Emperor himself has realized as few Sovereigns have what a grand campaign really means. We do not pretend, with the conditions so equal, to guess to which side the Emperor will at last incline, but this much at least is clear, that a responsibility as great as ever oppressed a human brain has been thrown upon him alone.

From the Intellectual Observer.

MODERN EXPLOSIVE COMPOUNDS.

NITRO-GLYCERINE, ITS PERILS, AND ITS PROBABLE USES.

THE explosive compounds with which chemistry has furnished us may very conveniently be divided into two classes, only one of which, however, is likely ever to be applied to practical purposes. The explosion produced by compounds belonging to one of these classes is due to the weak affinity which exists between their constituent elements, and the ease with which, therefore, they suddenly and almost spontaneously separate. A liquid or solid being changed instantaneously, and with uncontrollable energy into gases, which occupy many times a larger space than before. Peroxyde of hydrogen (H_2O_2), and perchloride of nitrogen (NCl_4), are striking examples of this class. The former being decomposed with explosive violence, by mere elevation of temperature, into water and oxygen, on account of the very weak affinity of the second atom of oxygen; and the latter, when dry, by the slightest contact, or the least motion, into chlorine and nitrogen.

Bodies belonging to the other class explode from a very different cause; the result produced in their case being nothing more than a very rapid combustion, due to

the presence and complete admixture of the combustible and supporter of combustion. The most appropriate illustrations of this class are found in gunpowder, gun-cotton, and nitro-glycerine. That these are well suited for producing a very rapid combustion is evident from their constitution, which is as follows:—

Gunpowder . . .	$KO.NO, S + C$
Gun-cotton . . .	$C_{12}H_{10}O_{17}.3NO_2$
Nitro-glycerine . .	$C_3H_5O_3.3NO_2$

This formula for gunpowder is what has been found by theory, but it corresponds very nearly with that of the best kinds. The constitution, both of gun-cotton and nitro-glycerine, is as yet uncertain; but it is most probably very nearly the above. The presence of sulphur in the gunpowder is indispensable; but it is objectionable for many reasons. In war it fouls and corrodes fire-arms; and in both war and mining it produces noxious gases. And hence, one of the advantages, both of gun-cotton and nitro-glycerine, is that the combination of their elements, during their explosion, gives rise to no corrosive or suffocating compound; nor does either of them leave any residue.

The resemblance between the constitution of these three important bodies is very striking. In all of them nitric acid, which is extremely rich in oxygen, and is very easily decomposed, supplies the supporter. Each of them has, however, its advantages and disadvantages. Gunpowder, for example, is not liable to spontaneous decomposition, but it is spoiled by moisture. Exactly the reverse is the case with nitro-glycerine.

On the present occasion we shall restrict our observations to nitro-glycerine, as it is now exciting considerable attention, and is likely very soon to become, almost exclusively, the explosive agent in mining operations. "Nitro-glycerine," called also "Glo-noine," "Nobel's blasting oil," etc., was discovered in 1847 by Sobrero, a pupil of M. Pelouze, who, by acting on glycerine with a mixture of two volumes of sulphuric acid, and one volume nitric acid, and then adding water, obtained a yellowish, oil-like compound, which was inodorous, of a sweetish pungent taste, producing headache, when merely applied to the tongue, and highly explosive. This remarkable compound for a considerable time attracted but little notice. It was long used only as a medicine, and almost exclusively by the homeopathsists; and, strange to say, considering its violent prop-

erties, was prescribed as a cure for nervous affection.

It is merely a compound of nitric acid and glycerine. The latter, though so energetic in combination, is one of the mildest substances known. It was discovered by Scheele in 1779; and, from its extreme sweetness, was termed by him the "sweet principle of oils," a peculiarity indicated by its present name. It ranks as an alcohol, since its formula may be considered as $C_3H_5 \left. \begin{array}{l} \text{O}_2 \\ \text{H}_3 \end{array} \right\}$. Combined with the fat acids it,

affords, in the fixed oils and fats, compound ethers. In saponification the acid of the compound ether unites with the inorganic base, the glycerine being set free. It forms a great number of compounds, in some of which it is combined unchanged; thus in the case of the fat acids; in others, the monatomic radical acid takes the place of one or more atoms of its hydrogen. It is produced during the alcoholic fermentation of sugar, and it occurs in all fermented liquors, but particularly in wine. It may be formed artificially with great ease.

When glycerine is acted on by nitric acid alone, and at ordinary temperature, oxalic acid is the result; but when submitted to the action of a mixture of nitric acid and sulphuric acid at a low temperature, three atoms of the nitric acid combine with one atom of the glycerine, nitro-glycerine being formed.

Nitro-glycerine is heavier than water, its specific gravity being 1.6. It is insoluble in water, but dissolves in alcohol and ether. Its insolubility in water renders it extremely valuable for subaqueous purposes. Possibly it may be found well adapted for torpedoes. It freezes at about 46° Fahr., and explodes at about 350° . Flame will not always ignite it; and when it is struck with a hammer on an anvil, only the portion which is actually struck explodes. It is exploded, however, by agitation or friction — when frozen, by the friction even of its own particles; a very serious source of danger, as it freezes at very moderate temperature. Considering its resemblance to gun-cotton, and the circumstances under which it sometimes ignites, there is but too good reason to believe that is liable to spontaneous decomposition, which might easily give rise to a temperature sufficiently high to cause ignition. It is probable that the oxygen of the nitric acid which it contains slowly combines with its hydrogen and carbon. In such a case, heat would be generated, and, if not allowed to escape, would accumulate to a perilous or even fatal extent. One of the

greatest dangers that accompany nitro-glycerine arises from the fact that it can be made only at a low temperature, and that it explodes if the temperature is very moderately augmented. Nevertheless, were it not liable to spontaneous decomposition, it would be at least as safe as gun-cotton. Gun-cotton often explodes from a similar cause. If it is slightly acid, fumes will be generated by the reaction of the acid; and if these fumes are not allowed to escape, and especially if the heat is retained by means of non-conducting bodies, the temperature will become high enough to cause ignition. Such a result is extremely likely to take place if the gun-cotton is placed in a bottle, which is surrounded by sawdust contained in a wooden box. Many explosions that have puzzled photographers are explained in this way; and there is reason to believe that nitro-glycerine in wooden boxes has exploded from similar causes. The composition of nitro-glycerine being so similar to that of gun-cotton, it is not wonderful that it will ignite in similar circumstances.

Nitro-glycerine is supposed to be eight times as powerful as gunpowder, weight for weight, and thirteen times as powerful, bulk for bulk. This renders it, though dearer than gunpowder, more economical for mining purposes, on account of the diminished labour in boring. It requires no tamping; the hole in which it is placed, and which may without inconvenience be damp, may be merely closed with water or sand. If there are any crevices, they must of course be stopped, or the oil will flow away, and be wasted; but damp clay will answer well for the purpose.

Various experiments have been made, with the object of testing the explosive power of nitro-glycerine, some of them for the purpose of comparing it with gunpowder. Thus a hole fifteen inches deep was bored within eighteen inches of the edge of a large block of calcareous stone; and a charge of oil one and a half inches deep was placed in it, after which it was closed with plastic clay. The explosion caused the block to be blown into small fragments; a similar charge of powder broke a similar block into only three pieces. A hole three feet deep and one and a quarter inches in diameter was bored in a solid rock three feet from its face, and three ounces of nitro-glycerine were placed in it, and covered with a wad of paper, on which water was poured. The explosion caused a displacement to the depth of six feet. In a subsequent experiment the hole, which was eight feet two inches deep, and half an inch in di-

ameter, was bored nine feet from the face of the rock, and was charged with oil to the depth of eighteen inches. The explosion completely separated one hundred tons of the rock. There is reason to believe that half a hundred-weight of gunpowder would be required to produce the same effect.

The wonderful capabilities of nitro-glycerine as an explosive agent have been hitherto, unfortunately, far more than counterbalanced by the fearful damage, with which its use is accompanied. Already some appalling catastrophes have been produced by it; and the recklessness with which it is carried from place to place, and the temptation there is, from motives of economy, to pass it as ordinary merchandize, greatly enhances the peril; so that a stringent parliamentary enactment regarding it is loudly and somewhat generally demanded. That legislation, to some extent, has become necessary, can scarcely be denied, the destruction of life and property by means of this terrible agent, having been already so considerable. In November, 1865, an explosion of nitro-glycerine occurred in Greenwich Street, New York. It was caused by a quantity contained in a small rudely-formed box, which was found in the baggage-room of the Wyoming Hotel. Red fumes of an offensive smell being observed to issue from the box, an alarm was excited which led to its being thrown out of the window into the street, where it immediately exploded with great violence. The fumes which were emitted on this occasion point very probably to a cause very similar to that which often gives rise to the explosion of gun-cotton. At Sydney, one hundred pounds weight of nitro-glycerine exploded. On the 3d of last April, seventy cases of it exploded at Aspinwall, the Atlantic terminus of the railway which crosses the Isthmus of Panama. The "European," a vessel about 1700 tons-burden, which contained them, was nearly destroyed; a large ship beside her was greatly injured; the freight house, a fine building, was blown down, and 400 feet of the quay was obliterated. Upwards of seventy persons were killed and wounded on this occasion, and not a single whole pane of glass was left in the city.

The magnitude of the mischief caused by this explosion gives but little idea of the damage which these very cases might have caused. Will it be believed that London, only by the merest good fortune, escaped devastation through them; and not only London, but Liverpool, and several other important towns; for they were transmitted from the place of manufacture with the ut-

most negligence, as if the most ordinary merchandize: travelling across England from Hull to Liverpool, and across the Atlantic, touching at important places till they reached the locality where they caused such terrible destruction. The horror excited by the explosion of gunpowder at Erith is obliterated by the consideration of what might have happened had the seventy cases of nitro-glycerine which blew up at Aspinwall exploded a little sooner, at London or Liverpool; and that they did not explode, considering the dangerous character of the compound, must be looked upon as little short of a miracle.

Similar casualties have followed in quick succession. On the 16th, also, of last April, an explosion of nitro-glycerine happened at San Francisco, by which many persons were killed, and 200,000 dollars worth of property destroyed. The oil was contained in two boxes, which, to save a comparatively trifling expense, were transmitted through the most important and populous localities in Europe, as ordinary merchandize.

What conclusion is to be drawn from these terrible casualties? — that the manufacture of nitro-glycerine ought to be prevented? Certainly not. Science, which has supplied the bane, will undoubtedly supply the antidote also, if it has not already done so. In the meantime, too much caution cannot be used: but we must not allow ourselves to be carried away by our fears. Both gunpowder and gun-cotton were, at first, managed with difficulty; and each has contributed its own share to the chapter of accidents. As to gunpowder, with reasonable precautions, notwithstanding the catastrophes to which it has from time to time given rise, it is considered almost free from danger. The history of gun-cotton is a short one, yet it recounts numerous and terrible accidents. In 1847, a quantity of gun-cotton blew up a factory belonging to Messrs Hahl, and killed every one in the establishment. In 1848, more than 3000 lbs. of it exploded in Paris, reducing the most massive walls to powder. Numberless other accidental explosions of it are on record; yet it is now made everywhere, if not for military or mining purposes, at least for those of the photographer.

Already experiments have been made by Nobel, the Swedish chemist, who first utilized nitro-glycerine by applying it to mining, which go far to prove that it may be made perfectly harmless for the purpose of transport or storage. He has recently ascertained the important fact, that, when methylic alcohol (common wood naphtha), a very cheap

material, is dissolved in it, neither heat nor percussion cause it to explode; and that this preservative medium is separated from it with even still more ease than the pulverized glass, etc., which is used to render gunpowder inexplusive. On adding water,

which takes up the alcohol, the nitro-glycerine will separate and fall to the bottom; it is then easily obtained, without admixture, by means of a syphon, all its peculiar properties being completely restored.

J. W. M'G.

INTIMATE. — Believing that a language suffers serious injury "when any of its words lose their individuality of force," I think it may be worth while to call attention to a very widespread perversion of the use of the verb to *intimate*. Its meaning is "to point out in an indirect way; to give, as it were, a hint, from which more may be inferred;" but our newspapers use it daily as synonymous with to announce. Even Members of both Houses of Parliament "beg to intimate" that they will ask leave to propose a motion, &c. Almost every Sunday, my respected "minister," who explains Greek and Hebrew words to an admiring congregation, "begs to intimate that a meeting will be held, or a sermon will be preached," or he "has been requested to make intimation" that a collection will be made in aid of some mission or other praiseworthy scheme, &c. This use of the verb and its substantive "intimation," is almost universal in our pulpits; still, I can find no warrant for it in any writer of acknowledged authority, nor are they to be found in this perverted sense in any dictionary to which I have referred. Observe the beauty of the word as used by Addison —

Why shrinks the soul

Back on herself, and startles at destruction!
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates Eternity to man.

Regard the word here in the naked sense of *announce* — and the word cannot live and retain both the latter and its original significations — and you at once deprive the passage of both its philosophy and its poetry. When even our school-teachers, misled by the prevailing custom, "beg to intimate," through a public advertisement, that they are prepared to receive pupils for in-

struction in all the branches of an English and classical education, it is time that attention were called to the destruction — for it is nothing less — of a very expressive word, lest, ere long, the *usus* may, in this case, be pleaded as the *jus et norma loquendi*.

J. R.

THE Princess Helena was married on the 5th July, at Windsor, to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, who has been created a Royal Highness and a Major-General in the Army, but not a Bishop. The only noteworthy incident in the ceremony was that Her Majesty herself gave the bride away, but the scene was in one respect a strange one. All present had just read the announcement in the *Moniteur*, and many must have felt as if marching in lace and jewels to their military execution. There was Prince Frederick of Holstein, the political life of whose family that peace finally ends, the King of the Belgians, whose dominion may yet be required for compensations, the Duke of Edinburgh, whose prospective throne has been swallowed up, the Duke of Cambridge, whose sister sinks from the wife of an independent Sovereign to a German peeress, the Saxon and Hanoverian Ministers, whose countries and Courts have ceased to exist, the Austrian Ambassador, just aware of final defeat, the Prussian Ambassador, just realizing that his master is first among Kings, and, finally the Queen herself, just informed that one daughter is sure of an imperial crown, and another sure that she will never wear one, and with, one can conceive, a latent doubt whether after all the betrayal of Denmark had been so clearly wise. — *Spectator*.